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MAY 30, 1980

n. F. Buckley Jr.

FLECTIONS ON TITO

—see page 680

NATIONAL REVIEW

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NATIONAL REVIEW

MAY 30, 1980
VOL. XXXII, NO. 11
ISSN: 0028-0038

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Are we drifting into war? *Drifting* may be the wrong word. *Brian Crozier*

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Church-related schools need not render unto Caesar what is not Caesar's. *Russell Kirk*

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667 Americans are not irrational, argues Thomas Sowell in *Knowledge and Decisions*; they simply throw their problems into the laps of inappropriate people. **Edward Banfield** explicates. . . . Milton and Rose Friedman's *Free to Choose* offers remedies for the mess that Sowell describes. **Paul Gigot**, reviewing, reminds us who really won the 1928 election. . . . **Donald Hall** and **Thomas Howard** examine the strong points of two writers—sentences (Edward Hoagland), and Evil (Russell Kirk). . . . Ralph de Toledano also grapples with Evil on one of the three levels of his most recent novel, *Devil Take Him*, reviewed by **Aram Bakshian Jr.** . . . Two European directors try film versions of two European novels; **John Simon** gives a split decision. . . . **Nika Hazelton** offers three cheap recipes for those who find prices intolerable. . . . **D. Keith Mano** compiles a list of other intolerable things, like Mother's Day, Swedes, and rogue cornflakes.

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Letters

The Not-So-New Spartans

Lynn Baker's musings on the East Germans ["The Communist Assembly Line for Olympic Champions," May 16] were unusually mild for an *NR* contributor. As I was reading, I found myself thinking that there were advantages as well as disadvantages in the East German (and all other Communist countries') method of training athletes, especially when Miss Baker quotes an East German defector's opinion that in some ways their method is more humane than our own.

Perhaps one of your feisty regulars (Kuehnelt-Leddihn?) would be interested in probing the larger historical question: Why do totalitarian regimes place such emphasis on physical excellence? If one were to transplant these current East German athletes back to the days of the Hitler Youth, I doubt if they would be able to tell the difference.

Estelle Thomkins
Akron, Ohio

Glittering Silver . . .

NATIONAL REVIEW as it approaches age 25 is better than ever. Rick Brookhiser's cover series on the presidential candidates was superb: good journalism.

John K. Andrews Jr.
Englewood, Colo.

. . . And Brass

The brass ring goes to Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn this time for a fascinating essay on economics in Protestant *versus* Catholic Europe ["Economics in the Catholic World," May 2]. I see you let him run for three pages rather than his usual one-page format—a good decision.

W. H. von Dreele
New York, N.Y.

Of Communists and Calumny

In your issue of April 4, you have an article by Mortimer T. Cohen ["Remembrance of Crimes Past"] which concerns the alleged Communist affiliation of members of the New York City De Witt Clinton High School staff. Mr. Cohen says at one point that one-fifth—perhaps one-quarter—of the teachers were Communists or fellow-travelers; later in the article, he refers to the "Communist faculty."

I was a member of the history department at De Witt Clinton in those years; I never was affiliated with nor sympathetic to the Communist ideology, and I know that this was true of 90 per cent of my colleagues.

I had hoped that guilt by association was part of our buried past; the article was a calumny upon those who may r be here to defend themselves against su allegations.

I should have thought the editors NATIONAL REVIEW would cast a more cr ical eye on such articles—no names, evidence.

H. P. Kra
Sun City, Ar

Mr. Cohen Replies

What answer can I make to Mr. Krau That I also got a letter from a gentlema who was a student at De Witt Clinton the time of which I wrote, and that h says my estimate was too low?

Can I give the names of teachers fort years later? Offhand I can think of seve teachers, four of them in the history de partment, two in science, who were def nitely pushing the Moscow line. Evidence If it walks like a duck, quacks like duck, socializes with ducks, and give birth to ducks—it's got to be a duck. grant the phrase "Communist faculty" wa slovenly: it should have been "Communist on the faculty." I don't doubt that Mr Kraus is correct when he describes hi own position in 1939-41, but my opinion of the politics of his colleagues is as valic as his.

Mortimer T. Cohen
New York, N.Y.

Saintly

I'd like to express my appreciation of Mr Novak's recent column "Saints and Self-Interest" [April 18]. It was one of the most concise and illuminating essays that I have read.

Richard Slavas
Pittsfield, Mass.

Groggy Greek

Dear, dear. About a year and a half ago, my favorite magazine reported that a steam turbine was invented by "Hippo of Alexandria" (it was Hero). Now ["The Week," May 16] we learn of a pair of debaters named "Sophocles and Callicles" (see the *Gorgias* for the correct name of Callicles's sparring partner). Is there a drunken classicist on your staff?

James Schmidt
Gloversville, N.Y.

Several. — ED.

In the "For the Record" section of your May 16 issue, I came across the following sentence: "A kudo to *Wall Street Journal* for digging out this Anderson quote from an Anderson-Eugene McCarthy de-

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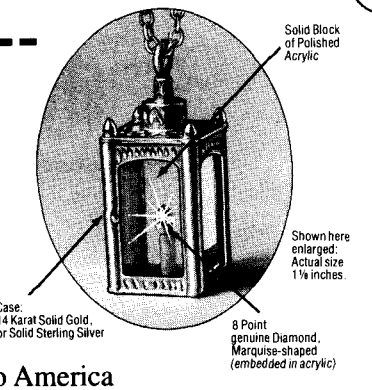
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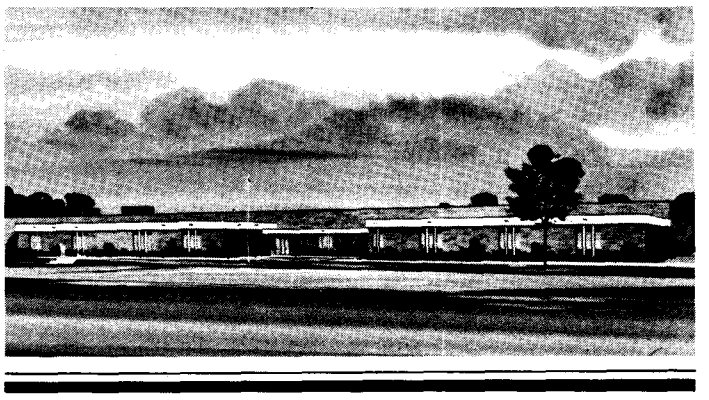

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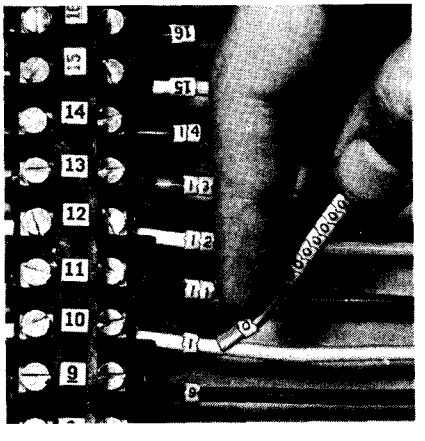

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Tim of Ang
New York, N.

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—E

Beatles' Beat

I'd like to correct an evidently unthinkir slur on the Beatles in your editori "Squeaky Sweeney" [April 4]. In discus ing the Sixties you stated: "Let it b noted . . . that a fascination with violenc fraught with furtive admiration and eve open approval, found ample cultural e> pression, from the records of the Beatl to *The New York Review of Books*."

Now, I can't vouch for *The New Yor Review of Books*, but I *know* that on element wholly lacking in Beatle musi was a "fascination with violence." Sex Yes. Humor? For sure. Loneliness? Some what. Violence? No.

The Beatles released over two hundre songs. Of these, I'm aware of only fou that even refer to violence: "A Day in th Life" (which mentions a suicide); "Hap piness Is a Warm Gun" (a sardonic loo at gun-lovers); "Maxwell's Silver Hammer (in which the violence is clearly meta phoric); and "The Continuing Story c Bungalow Bill" (a critique of pseudc macho hunters).

No one would have thought to link th Beatles with violence were it not fo Charles Manson's well-publicized statemen that he drew his inspiration from th Beatle song "Helter Skelter." However anyone who has listened to the son knows that it is about sex, not violence If Manson saw a blueprint for anarchy i it, that only shows how bonkers he was A person could draw inspiration for mur der from the Lord's Prayer, if he were crazy enough. It would surely be no in dictment of God if some lunatic murderer claimed he was doing God's will (*vide* Jim Jones), nor would it justify the conclusion that God is violent.

While some rock groups do indeed de serve the wrath of conservatives, the Bea tles is not one of them. It is undoubtedly the only rock group to have released an anti-tax song ("Taxman"). And the Bea tles' hit song "Revolution" is pure Ed mund Burke.

Despite their dabbling in drugs and Eastern mysticism, the Beatles have al ways been solidly bourgeois. They sang about things everyone (not just youthful radicals) could relate to. That is why their appeal was so wide, and that is why their music will live on long after groups like the Grateful Dead are (gratefully) dead.

John A. Braden
Fremont, Mich.

→

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What now?

It seems as if every generation or so, usually in response to tumultuous events, America gets hit with a blizzard of new ideas. And we renew ourselves.

It happened in the 1930's. The Depression struck. The intellectual ferment began. We came out stronger for it.

It happened in the 1960's. Turmoil in the cities. Vietnam. Later on, Watergate. Another wave of fresh ideas. More sifting. New directions.

And it's happening today. Inflation. Recession. Declining productivity. Russia's military build-up. American decline. Again, the cauldron of ideas is bubbling.

It's a new moment in American life. Some people say "the country's moving to the right." Others say it's just an overdue dose of realism. But, here come the new ideas once more, good ones and not such good ones. The think tanks are humming; economists and sociologists are apologizing... and the politicians are fulminating, on fresh themes. The pendulum's swinging – again.

That's the view of BEN WATTENBERG'S 1980, a new 10 part series on PBS. Ben Wattenberg is a man of many parts: part statistician, part politician, participant and pontificator, student of America with a star spangled sense of humor. BEN WATTENBERG'S 1980 is his highly personal vision of America's "new moment."

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THE WEALTH WEAPON: That Soviet missile targeted on New England is guided by equipment originally manufactured in New England. Does that make sense?

WINNING HEARTS AND MINDS: Journalists review the journalism of Vietnam, "The living room war."

THE VIEW FROM HOLLYWOOD HILLS: The message of those innocent sit-coms may not be so innocent.

JEREMIAH'S MOMENT: An optimist surveys the scene at a gloomy time.

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Reagan's Choices

Re Ronald Reagan's need to choose between Representative Jack Kemp's supply-side economics and Bill Simon's balance-the-budget economics ["Kemp-Reagan *v.* Simon-Reagan?" April 4], I vote for Jack Kemp.

As you pointed out, Kemp's supply-side approach of instituting tax cuts would increase employment and productivity, as well as enhance the electability of the Republican Party in the Eighties. I immensely admire Bill Simon, but Kemp's solution to stagflation is much more attractive than the repudiated country-club Republican ideas of squeezing inflation out of the economy at the expense of the working man and woman.

At a minimum, conservative Republicans need to cool their strident anti-service-state rhetoric, for reasons pointed out by Kemp in his fine book *An America Renaissance*:

"Americans have two complementary desires. They want an open, promising ladder of opportunity. And they want a safety net of social services to catch and comfort those less fortunate than themselves and those unable to share in the productive processes when the economy goes sour.

". . . Unable to sell spending cuts to the public, which does not want to initiate 'growth' at the expense of social services, this group [orthodox conservatives] is left with no option but opposing tax-rate reduction.

". . . Our people don't want to cut social spending when the economy is stagnant, adding austerity in public service to scarcity in private goods. It is ridiculous to think that economic expansion can come at the expense of the weak."

Mr. Kemp has something going for him that has been sadly lacking in conservative Republican circles for too long: a comprehensive, well-reasoned political philosophy that a majority of Americans—whether blue- or white-collar, whether black or white—can rally behind. I think it's called broadening the party's base. Come to think of it, Jack Kemp, a nine-year veteran of Washington from the Northeast, would make an ideal VP for President Reagan.

Mark A. Florio
Arlington, Va.

Job creation, Kemp-Roth bills, and Laffer curves sound very alluring, but no less an authority than Milton Friedman says categorically that there is "no other way" to beat inflation than by tightening the money supply and balancing the budget. Even the latest version of Kemp-Roth recognized the need to cut spending. After all, when JFK introduced tax cuts, inflation was around 2 per cent.

Reagan is right to be wary!

But what does this decision have to do with the choice of a running-mate? Kemp is a tremendous vote-getter. He is, also, an asset in Congress which a new Republican Administration could ill afford to sacrifice.

William Simon, a respected political figure, has proved himself an attractive, articulate exponent of conservative economics and government. His selection as VP would be all gain and no loss, since he currently holds no political office.

James Buckley, now seeking the GOP nomination for senator in Connecticut, has also been mentioned. It disturbs me greatly that we tend to deplete Republican forces in Washington rather than look elsewhere for able men. Surely, election of

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ı effective, conservative Congress is of ıual importance to replacing the Carter dministration, and Kemp, Buckley, even aker ["There Are Losers and Losers," y Neal B. Freeman, April 4] would be ır more valuable there than as figure-ead VP!

Mrs. W. W. Taylor
Cincinnati, Ohio

ɜtay as You Are

'lease, please don't change your magazine ɔ accommodate the criticisms ["Notes & ʌsides," April 4] of readers who appear ıot to want a magazine that will educate hem, develop new interests, or broaden heir horizons beyond the boundaries of heir own town.

If they don't understand some of the vords used in NATIONAL REVIEW—be they ɜnglish, French, or Latin—let them use a lictionary. That's what the rest of us do. That way we're twice enriched by our eading of the magazine: enriched by the :ontent of the articles and enriched by ɔur new vocabulary.

Kay Oliver
Washington, D.C.

Lerner's Lesson

Max Lerner ["The End of the Liberal Affair," April 18] is correct in concluding that Jimmy Carter will be a one-term President, but he doesn't point out that we are *already* in an era of non-two-term Presidencies; the last full-two-term President was Eisenhower. I'll go Lerner one better, and predict that whoever succeeds Carter will also be a non-two-term President, because of voter displeasure, health, or what have you.

It is time to end this presidential re-election trauma by going to a system in which Presidents are allowed a single four- or six-year term. Then the President is freed to act always in the best interests of the U.S., while ambitious members of his party don't have to pussyfoot around with their hopes and plans.

Oliver S. North
Arlington, Va.

I find Max Lerner's analysis correct beyond doubt. And yet, apathy is the most dangerous characteristic prevalent in the American electorate. If enough people believe that their own and their neighbors' frustrations will by osmosis guarantee a victory for reason, liberty, and individual responsibility (without undertaking personal effort), we may be again faced with the retrograde obscurantism courteously supplied by the Democrats' politicians and bureaucrats. It has been said that people have the governments they deserve . . . G-d willing, we may be due for a pardon!

Richard A. Sandell
Mercy College
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

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William A. Rusher

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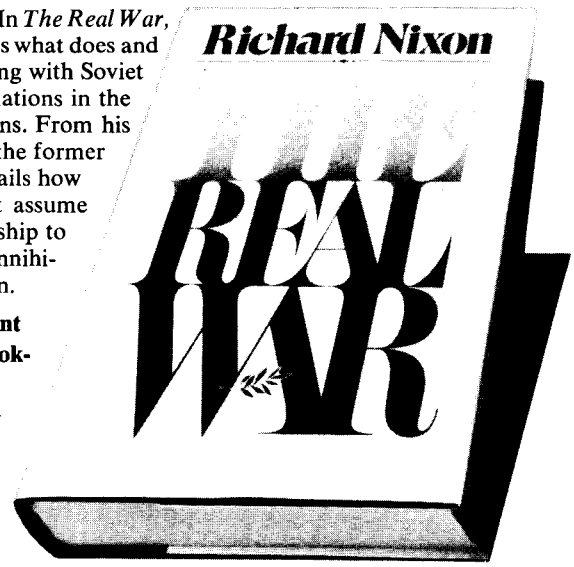

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They're strangling you 9 different ways.

Stanley Tretick

They are the taxspenders—and they've got the American middle class by the throat. They're the bureaucrats who do nothing but create work for other bureaucrats. The well-connected corporations feeding at the public trough you pay for. The legal lobby that has given us a rule not of law, but of lawyers. The doctors who feed on Medicare. The government contractors only the government keeps in business.

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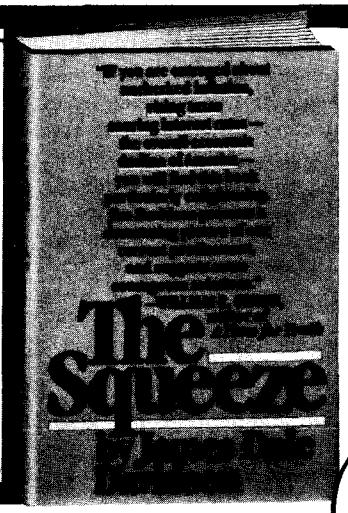

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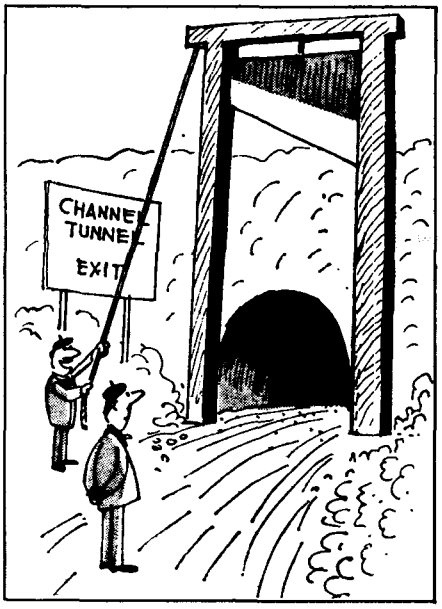
FOR THE RECORD

■ Who will be hurt most by an **Anderson** candidacy? The Democratic National Committee has no illusions; it has assigned **Lee Francis** to "look at a range of options" to make it more difficult for Anderson to register in the various states. . . . John Anderson, says Democratic National Chairman **John White**, "will take hundreds of thousands of people with him on this fool's errand. I saw it happen with **Eugene McCarthy**—who has more of a sense of humor than John Anderson." . . . Anderson, now at about 20 per cent in the polls, says he has no intention "of going into this thing to run third." If he's not up to 30 per cent by **Labor Day**, he says he'll drop out. . . . The money, incidentally, is not coming in as fast as the Anderson camp would like. They figure they need $10 million to $15 million to run a good campaign; it is coming in at the rate of $1 million a month, for a shortfall of $5 to $10 mil. . . . Meanwhile, in New York, **Raymond Harding** of the Liberal Party says his party's nomination this fall may go to Anderson, or failing that to **Barry Commoner** of the Citizens Party. (**Carter** was on the N.Y. Liberal Party line in 1976.)

■ Well, sir, the liberal Democrats are in a tizzy—where to go, where to go. **James Reston** (*New York Times*) is talking about it, also **Roscoe Drummond** (*Christian Science Monitor*); it's being analyzed by **Evans & Novak** and **Kevin Phillips**. The problem: How can the libs ditch Jimmy Carter as their candidate when he will arrive at **Madison Square Garden** with a majority of the delegates committed to him? All sorts of scenarios are being tried out, most of which cast Vice President **Fritz Mondale** as Carter's replacement, the **Et Tu, Brute** candidate. . . . What worries the Dems most is **Ronald Reagan**'s growing acceptability as a viable candidate. . . . Evans & Novak, in survey of a highly Democratic blue-collar UAW area near Detroit, have polled 33 Democrats, 8 Republicans, 23 independents; they found 23 of them for Reagan, 21 for Carter, 8 for Anderson, 12 uncommitted. Worse, they found Reagan rated 6 to 1 over Carter on defense issues, 2 to 1 on economic issues, 2 to 1 on leadership. . . . **Alan Baron**, the liberal Democratic analyst, points out in his monthly bulletin that "there is virtually none of the fear and loathing [for Reagan today] which **Scranton**, **Rockefeller**, **Romney**, and other moderate Republicans expressed about **Barry Goldwater** in 1964. And this has Democrats worried." Baron quotes one White House official: "When **Ed Koch** tells us that Reagan could win New York in a three-man field, you better believe people start panicking." . . . Is there a Republican bandwagon in the making? **Consensus Inc.**, in a poll commissioned by the Republican National Committee, shows 42 per cent of the voters think Republicans are more likely to change the way things are run in this country today, as against 24 per cent who think the Democrats can change things. . . . **Dave Norcross**, the liberal Republican chairman of the New Jersey GOP, sees this as a watershed year. "There hasn't been a year like it since 1932. . . . As Reagan pulls in moderates like me, it broadens his following. He's forced to accommodate them."



Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco

"There's a man at the other end who signals when Madame Thatcher is coming through."

■ Earlier reports had it that **Castro** had sent several thousand Cuban teachers and administrators to Nicaragua. In his May Day address, Castro reported having advisors in 35 countries around the world and "29,500 helping to reconstruct" Nicaragua. . . . Nicaragua, incidentally, is not planning free elections anytime soon because, says Sandinista spokesman Commander **René Núñez**, the Nicaraguan people have already "elected us with their blood." . . . What is going on in Nicaragua has not gone unnoticed on Capitol Hill. Speaker **Tip O'Neill** now says there will be no further House vote on the $75-million Nicaraguan aid package until the vacancies on the ruling junta caused by the resignation of two moderate junta members have been filled—presumably not by rabid Sandinistas. . . . Castro has learned a lesson from Russia's bland assertion that it invaded **Afghanistan** to prevent a U.S. coup there. Castro now says it was the **CIA** that provoked an attack by Cuban jets on a Bahamian patrol boat.

■ It may be hard to remember Rhodesia's new name—Zimbabwe—but not the name of Zimbabwe's newly appointed president: **Canaan Banana**.

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THE WEEK

■ Jacob Javits dozed in church the other day. The senior liberal senator was defending an amendment that would have bled $2.4 billion from the defense budget and transfused it into domestic programs. Unless the money were redistributed, Javits argued, "disquiet and dissatisfaction . . . will rankle in the breasts of the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind, the dependent young, the old, and so forth." *And so forth!* Colonial papers, please copy. It is as if Lincoln had asserted his devotion to "government of the people, by the people, and other things"; as if a Vatican choir were to sing *Gloria Patri, et Filii, et cetera.* What is liberalism about, if it is not about succoring the poor, the lame, and the halt? Why else launch moral crusades, pay the salaries of social engineers, and send the IRS to pick our pockets? Why else listen to Arthur Schlesinger? Maybe Javits is bored. Maybe liberalism is boring. Fifty years of failure would bore us, though we are more impatient than most folks.

■ THE ANNOTATED CARTER. "My hope is that with Ed Muskie coming on board [*note sea vessel image*] as part of our team [*note sporting image—in conjunction with previous image, the sport would seem to be shuffleboard, appropriately enough*], that he will play a somewhat different role than [*sic*] the one Secretary Vance played because of a difference in background and temperament and attitude. I see Ed [*note tone of insistent friendly familiarity, in contrast to "Secretary" Vance*] Muskie as being a much stronger [*take that, Secretary Vance!*] and more statesmanlike [*and that!*] senior citizen figure [*Muskie is 66*] who will be a more evocative [*opposite of pro-vocative, as in Brzezinski?*] spokesman for our nation's policy [*no comment*]."

■ Father Robert Drinan will soon bid the House of Representatives goodnight, thanks to a Vatican directive invoking a 1971 bishops' statement frowning on priests in politics. His loss will be a blow to the Soviet Union, welfare bums, abortionists, and Garry Wills. Naturally, the *New York Times* has taken the news hard even in the act of printing it. In a sidebar analysis, the *Times*' religious guy, Kenneth Briggs, says the action "raises fears" (read: raises liberals' fears) that the Vatican will be curbing "social activism." Does this mean that Father Drinan won't be able to open an orphanage or nursing home, à la Mother Teresa? Of course not, silly. As anyone knows, "social activism" is the *Times*' euphemism for leftist politics. If Drinan had been a right-winger, Briggs would have reported that anonymous "observers" were hailing the Vatican's action as a step toward restoring the separation of church and state.

■ John Lindsay has announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the Senate seat of Jacob Javits. In making his announcement, Lindsay reaffirmed his opposition to oil monopolies and energy shortages and did not stress the fact that he had once served as mayor of New York. His qualifications for the Senate are as follows:

■ Based upon an analysis of the primary voting so far, President Carter still does well among black voters, though not so well as in 1976. The reason appears to be black success within various federal programs, and a vivid appreciation of just who controls policy in that area. In terms of concrete interest *versus* Black Ideology, it's probably a good sign.

■ HR-5961, an amendment to the Bank Secrecy Act, requires you to report to Washington every time you propose to move "monetary instruments" (undefined) of $5,000 or more across the U.S. border. It sets up a bounty system for informers. It empowers customs officers to conduct searches of persons, containers, and vehicles on "reasonable" (not probable) cause, without suspicion of crime, and without warrant. This ugly bill might have become law by now if Congressman Ron Paul (R., Tex.) hadn't set out to oppose it. Discovering parliamentary violations, he has delayed the bill's progress, and has used the delay to build up an opposition (the ACLU and the American Bar Association are ready to testify against it when it comes up in the Trade Subcommittee of the House Ways & Means Committee). Write your congressman to oppose HR-5961—copy to Ron Paul, with thanks.

■ In 1963 the Supreme Court handed down—by the way, has anyone mentioned that in the old days a court's decision was handed *up*?—its decision that

Men on Horseback

Some wrote, like Caesar, only after wars;
Some, having lost, to placate creditors.
A few described the future in their books,
But history suggests nobody looks.
Thus, Hitler wrote scenarios from jail
Which prophesied the future in detail,
While, for our information, Lenin penned
How, when, and why the Western world would end.
It's no big mystery where Marxists lead;
The problem's getting Presidents to read.

W. H. VON DREELE

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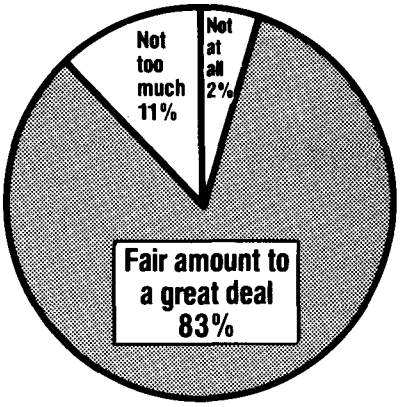
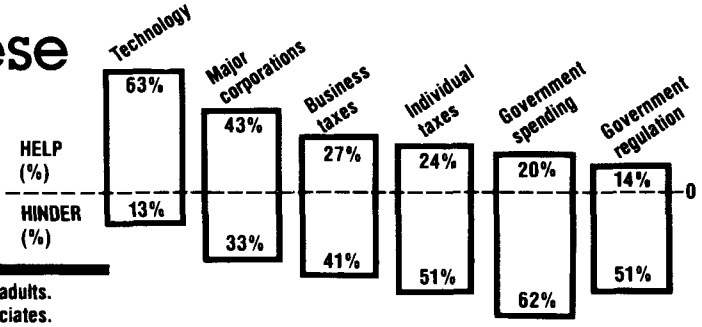
Q: How much do you want the economy to grow in the next five years?



Q: Does each of these help or hinder economic growth?

Note: These are six of thirteen items tested in this question.



Source: October, 1979 national probability sample, by telephone, of 1,000 adults. Survey conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates.

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The survey reveals that Americans associate growth with higher standards of living and better jobs, and they view inflation, big government and energy as the major forces holding back growth.

Various proposals to help restore economic growth are now under consideration in both houses of Congress and in the Administration. Some measures, for example, would limit government spending to a certain percentage of GNP, thereby restraining inflation and restoring the economic stability necessary for expanded capital investment by business. The Capital Cost Recovery Act would also encourage the creation of new plants and jobs by reducing business taxes through liberalized depreciation schedules. And there is growing recognition of the need to reduce the cost and uncertainty of government regulation.

Government has no higher priority in the 1980's than reducing inflation and restoring real growth in the economy. In the present climate, the 'growth/no growth' debate is moot for most Americans. The issue now is how America's policymakers can point the nation toward the non-inflationary growth its people want.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Those of you who have fond memories of the heyday of Spiro Agnew and his merry band of media maulers may be in for a trip down memory lane. The polls are beginning to reflect what atmospheric evidence has suggested for six months: that the average American is once again concerned with the issue of media bias. The conflagration awaits only a single politician willing to strike the match and toss it into the woodpile of mounting public resentment.

That resentment began with coverage of the hostage crisis. Time after time, as it seemed to the domestic audience, the networks were more than willing—eager—to turn themselves into conduits for Iranian propaganda. No scene was too contrived, no claim was too outrageous, no ground rules were too harsh for the ladies and gentlemen of the press in hot pursuit of The Story. To the audience in living-room America it must have seemed passing strange that the very same reporters who win prizes and prestige for sending U.S. officials to jail were winning intercontinental airtime for playing Ed McMahon to Sadegh Ghotbzadeh's Johnny Carson. Tell us, just how bad are we, Sadegh?

Surely a second factor has been the weekly primary-night special. Every Tuesday night through the long, cold winter we heard the warming news that John Anderson had scored yet another surprising finish. Surprising, indeed. Here was a man who could capture the electronic headline week after week while losing every single caucus, beauty contest, and delegate race he entered. And yet he retired from the Republican Party undefeated—the media never laid a glove on him. Every Tuesday we heard reports that he had drawn new voters to his cause, broadening the base of the "minority party." It was not usually until, oh, Friday that we learned that the bulk of the crossover vote had actually gone for Reagan, that Anderson had been defeated not only within his own party but also in the subcontests among Democrats and independents.

A third factor is the ongoing disgrace of the media's coverage of national-security issues. As Jimmy Carter's Desert Classic made unmistakably clear, our military machine has rusted. As the SALT II debate revealed, our nuclear superiority over the Soviet Union has vanished. As the Soviet-Cuban salients into Africa, Asia, and now Central America have demonstrated, the geopolitical balance has shifted sharply against us. These are facts, the significance of which has arrived with stunning impact on the consciousness of Middle America. The public has begun to grope for a response: "Why weren't we told? Who let this happen? How could the national media have missed the central story of our era? We know everything there is to know about Bette Midler. Shouldn't we have heard something about the decision to disarm the United States of America?"

It is against the background of these developments that the Cronkite-for-Vice President story broke last month. Let us say immediately that we know of no informed observer here who doubts the accuracy of the original *New Republic* story. The reporter, Morton Kondracke, is a seasoned and sober professional. He knew what he was asking Cronkite to say and Cronkite knew what he was saying. At the moment of that interview, Cronkite was willing to run for national office on a ticket headed by John Anderson. Period. Cronkite soon recovered his balance, of course, and denied the whole story. But that is beside the point. What Kondracke told us is what millions of Americans have suspected for years, namely, that even Walter Cronkite harbors a bit of political ambition and that, if forced to choose, he would take his stand with the trendy Left.

It would be difficult to overstate the importance of Walter Cronkite in the contemporary media world. In the continuing struggle between the politicians and the press, Cronkite is the last line of defense: he is the heir to Ed Murrow, the legitimizing presence of television news, the symbol of journalistic objectivity. When it is time to end a war, or a cover-up, it is Walter Cronkite who announces the decision, and it is the rest of the nation, right up to and including its highest elected official, who accepts it. Not to put too fine a point on it, he really is the most trusted man in America.

One can only guess at the ramifications of Kondracke's report that, if only for a weak moment, Walter Cronkite was prepared to campaign openly for John Anderson. In the current context, they could be very far-reaching indeed.

— CATO

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abolished daily prayer in the public schools. The suit had been brought by Madalyn Murray (now O'Hair) in behalf of her son William, who was then a teenager. William, writing in the *Austin* (Texas) *American-Statesman*, now regrets his role in that affair: "I pray that I may be able to correct just some part of the wrong I have created. . . . I removed from our future generations that short time each day which should rightly be reserved for God. . . . I feel gravely responsible for the resulting destruction of the moral fiber of our youth. . . ." Bravely said, even though the young man (now 33) may have exaggerated, in the climax of contrition, the burden of his own responsibility. He was a dutiful son, following the instructions of a mother invincibly ignorant, as the Court itself appears to be in its resolute misrepresentation of the First Amendment.

■ One of the dangers of nuclear power reactors, remember, was that they would cause atom bombs to spread osmotically throughout the world until some crackpot dictator or terrorist got his hands on one. To which the riposte was: Why go through the trouble of building a *power* reactor? The Castro government, according to Cuban sources, has a tightly guarded, underground nuclear reactor outside the town of Quiebra Hacha. The reactor uses "heavy water" (deuterium oxide) to encourage the fission process. Only Canada has heavy-water reactors which produce electric power. What then is the Quiebra

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Hacha plant good for? Research, perhaps—or plutonium production. If the latter, plutonium production for what purpose? Put it this way: If you were a terrorist and wanted a laundered nuclear weapon, to what countries would you turn? Or if you were the Soviet Union (which has been giving Cuba peaceful nuclear technology since 1968) and you wanted to launder such a weapon, how would you go about it?

■ Pope John Paul II has ended the most recent voyage of his ongoing ministry to the world: this time, Africa. Sitting on a bamboo throne in a tin-roofed chapel in Zaire . . . kissing the ground in the Congo . . . moving through chanting crowds in Ghana . . . outlasting his wilted entourage in Upper Volta . . . eschewing a too "Africanized" liturgy. . . . Above the welter of exotica the Pope navigates with an admiral's serenity. He did not flinch at preaching monogamy in a polygamous society, or attacking materialist ideology in a formally socialist state. He redoubled his stout defense of the Church's teachings on marriage, divorce, chastity, contraception, abortion, priestly celibacy. His ministry and the way he goes about it exemplify a faith that has always demanded, at its very best, a foot in both worlds. He gives a great warm hug to the world's people in all their diversity and encourages them in their dignity and independence, even while reminding them—just as the simple father of a simple family might—of the singleness of truth and the comforting constancy of settled wisdom. In fact, he's acting like a very happy man.

■ At the end of the Korean War, 944 American soldiers remained in North Korean prisons. Death has released most of them (there were 389 presumed alive in 1959), but the North Koreans have released no information at all. Mr. Robert Dumas of Canterbury, Connecticut, faces a double stonewall—the Army insists that his brother Roger, though included in its original tally of prisoners, was listed as the result of a mistaken identity. The award for the most Orwellian twist in the thirty-year runaround, however, should probably go to the following letter from the Second Secretary of the Embassy of the People's Republic of China, Washington, D.C.: "I am very sorry to inform you that, according to the competent authorities, no information on Private Roger Armand Dumas is available. He is believed to have died." On the basis, one supposes, of non-existent information.

■ Princeton is having an identity crisis. The Dean of the Chapel, Ernest Gordon, is retiring and they're having a devil of a time replacing him. Princetonians can't decide a) whether the new Dean of the Chapel should be a Christian, b) whether he should be a *Protestant* Christian, c) how beholden he ought to be to the University president, and d) who should make all these decisions. Part of the problem is that the University chaplains, the Reverend Dr. William Kirby and the Reverend John Walsh (the clerics who visited Khomeini's Iran and returned reciting phrases like "freedom and justice through the Islamic revolution"), have been involved in the screening process. Possible compromise: the Ayatollah Coffin.

■ IS WE IS OR IS WE AIN'T IN AN ENERGY CRISIS? (Letter from Area Manager Ron Wenker, Bureau of Land Management, U.S. Department of Justice, to David Banko of the Davis Oil Co., Denver, Colorado, March 24, 1979): "Dear Mr. Banko: This is in response to your request for a variance regarding the sage grouse strutting-nesting complex stipulations attached to the above-mentioned lease and well site. At this time the available data suggest that noise from around-the-clock drilling operations tends to suppress sage grouse strutting activities. Combined with the fact that the proposed lease and well site is located within the nesting habitat associated with two strutting grounds, we feel the variance should not be granted in order to protect this resource. Since there is a lack of research data on this problem (noise effects on sage grouse strutting, etc.), the Bureau is proposing a research study to determine these effects. However, because of our planning system and budget requirements, we do not anticipate starting the field work for at least three years. . . ." Mr. Wenker offers some hope that Davis Oil Co. may get its variance after the study has been made, if it is still in business and if, come to think of it, the country still is.

■ Former Governor Marvin Mandel and his co-defendants were declared eligible to vote in the Maryland primary May 13 since they wouldn't be going to prison for political corruption until the following day.

■ Why not Hamilton Jördan for President of the West Bank?

Toward the Finish Line

I. A Third Option?

Rapidly increasing numbers of Democrats are waiting, or, rather, desperately hoping, for Godot—Godot being, in this case, some nominee other than Carter or Kennedy. Both are widely viewed as losers, and when Governor Hugh Carey and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan called for an "open convention," that was only the visible tip of Democratic *Angst*.

Under the present deteriorating circumstances, many

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Democrats look longingly toward such a ticket as Mondale-Moynihan, but the problem consists of getting from here to there. Carter will in fact show up in New York next August with enough delegates to be nominated, and party rules commit them to him on the first ballot.

Suppose, however, that something like the following scenario comes to pass: 1) Kennedy wins on June 3 in California, New Jersey, and Ohio; 2) economic problems deepen, and the automobile industry begins to sink beneath the waves; 3) the hostages go on trial in Teheran; Nicaragua and El Salvador go Communist and sign mutual defense treaties with Moscow; 4) opinion polls show Reagan with a 25-point lead, trending upward. In Samuel Johnson's familiar formulation, when a man knows that he is to be hanged in a fortnight it concentrates the mind wonderfully. Or, in the hallowed political maxim, when the deck is awash it's time to join the rats.

It is therefore just barely conceivable, just barely, that through a panic-stricken rules change the Democrats might find their way to some plausible third option. If not, the convention will resemble a state funeral, and Carter might just as well campaign from a hearse.

II. Reagan

Reagan's problems at the moment are such as any candidate would welcome, the problems of political prosperity. He has the Republican nomination locked up, and he leads Carter by nine points in the latest polls. The ABC News/Harris poll shows a dramatic shift in public perceptions concerning Reagan, a shift in a highly favorable direction. The current (May) issue of *Fortune* magazine includes an upbeat article on what a Reagan Presidency would be like: a New Deal-style one hundred days of tax-cutting, abolition of several federal agencies and numerous programs, a sharp increase in defense spending (including production of the neutron bomb and a new manned bomber).

Reagan has some difficult decisions to make on the Vice Presidency. Because of Reagan's age, the vice presidential nominee must possess presidential stature. It would also be desirable that he have had experience in Washington and have stature where foreign policy is concerned.

On most points, Howard Baker, for example, would appear to be a plausible candidate, but his voting record on abortion issues places him at odds with Reagan's own position—and Reagan has made a point of stipulating that his running-mate must be in essential agreement with him on the important issues. If Baker emerges as the candidate who could do most to help the ticket, some way around this difficulty might be found, but it remains a tricky matter.

ON THE Left

KEVIN LYNCH

November is six months away, but Ronald Reagan has become a factor in Washington. During a Senate committee debate over a "charter" for U.S. intelligence agencies, the message went out that Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker and the GOP leadership would resist restraints on the intelligence agencies—on orders from Mr. Reagan. A couple of days later the Senate Intelligence Committee approved the Intelligence Oversight Act (IOA) of 1980. Whether, come January, President Reagan will be satisfied with the legislation is debatable. Supporters of the intelligence agencies have sought three major goals in any charter governing the agencies: changes in the Hughes-Ryan Amendment; CIA exemption from the Freedom of Information Act; and protection of agents.

When it left the Senate Intelligence Committee, the IOA did contain changes in Hughes-Ryan. Passed in 1974, when the anti-intelligence fever was at its peak, Hughes-Ryan requires the Executive Branch to notify several congressional committees—in practice, eight—of all covert operations. Ever since, intelligence agencies have argued that Hughes-Ryan made foreign intelligence agencies reluctant to cooperate with their U.S. counterparts for fear of a leak. The Committee voted to require that only the Senate and House Intelligence Committees be "fully and currently" informed of covert operations.

Having pleased those who would "unleash" the intelligence agencies, the Committee then did something for those who would defang them. The CIA had sought a broad exemption from the Freedom of Information Act because of FOIA's chilling effect on our allies abroad. A variety of organizations, ranging from Common Cause to the American Civil Liberties Union, lobbied vociferously—and successfully—against the exemption. For those of you who were worried, have no fear: as in the past Poland will still be able to seek information from the CIA.

On the heels of the 1975 killing of the CIA station chief in Athens, which came on the heels of the publication of his name in *CounterSpy*, a campaign was begun to make it a crime to publish the names of agents abroad. Five years later, it is still legal.

The anti-intelligence lobbies will be pleased if House Intelligence duplicates the work of Senate Intelligence. As an ACLU spokesman said, the Senate version freezes into law what is current practice; and, he said, looking toward November, "Another Administration might not have continued the current practice."

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Mac, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"But surely, comrades, when my country has taken over the world, bit by bit, Moscow would be the best permanent site."

George Bush is now so far behind in the delegate count that he has no chance whatsoever of overtaking Reagan, nor does he appear to have any strong ideological reason for remaining in the race. One of the shortcomings of his candidacy throughout the primaries, indeed, has been his inability to demonstrate significant disagreement with Reagan. Nevertheless, Bush, whose campaign can afford to spend a lot of money, insists that he's in the race to the end, and he has recently begun to sound unnecessarily acerbic. Bush cannot win, but he might wound—though the rationale for such a course is impossible to discern. It would undoubtedly be better for all concerned if Bush were now to bow out gracefully, as did Connally and Baker.

III. Wild Card

Speaking at Dartmouth College recently, former President Gerald Ford estimated that John Anderson could get between 10 and 40 per cent of the vote. That, of course, is a fool-proof estimate, but what is interesting is the Ford estimate of the upper range of possibility (which, however, strikes us as exaggerated). Mr. Ford went on to say that as Anderson's support moved toward the upper end of that range there would be a grave danger of throwing the presidential choice into the House of Representatives.

Anderson now stands at about 20 per cent in the polls. Whether that represents his maximum strength or a base upon which to build thus becomes the central question. The two party conventions will dominate the media during July and August; Anderson has no comparable platform, and he must devise some way of gaining and holding public attention. Furthermore, his candidacy so far has been relentlessly WASP-suburban in style and content, and it is difficult to see how he can improve his standing by attracting blue collar, Southern, or black support. But if Anderson can begin to move upward, adding five to ten points to his current poll standing, and if he can get on the ballot in forty to 45 states—well, things would then get rather dicey. The Reagan campaign should now begin making contingency plans, and doing the research necessary for an anti-Anderson blitz, in the event of a possible, though still unlikely, Anderson emergence. The Democrats have already begun the drive to undermine Anderson.

Back to SALT I

What commends the latest version of an MX missile system supposed to come into service about seven years hence is the appeal of being less sprawling, less complicated, and presumptively less costly than the preceding and now sidetracked scheme for rotating missiles around a roadway configured like a huge racetrack. The notion of trucking two hundred missiles among 4,600 shelters—23 per weapon—still has its doubters, not all of them testy environmentalists or dogmatic disarmers. James J. Kilpatrick, for example, is skeptical on two counts. He suspiciously likens the MX idea to the Maginot Line. However, he postulates, there must be a better method for countering the looming threat that the Soviet Union's SS-18 and SS-19 ICBM systems pose to U.S. second-strike capabilities.

The Maginot Line analogy is easily disposed of. There was nothing inherently wrong with the Maginot Line. Indeed, it was the only thing the French had going for them when the Blitzkrieg struck in 1940. The basic error lay in overestimating what the Maginot Line could do for France's security and therefore in neglecting the other things needing to be done to counter the military menace posed by Hitler's Germany. In that sense, the analogue to the Maginot Line is not so much the idea of MX as it is the whole SALT process, whose meaning for U.S. security is widely and basically overpraised, with the result of inducing neglect of other necessary aspects of national defense. The operative notions on the respective sides of the SALT bargaining do not jibe. The United States has been reaching for mutual deterrence of strategic nuclear war and for ending thereby the strategic nuclear threat overhanging international politics. The Soviet Union, in contrast, has been striving for one-way deterrence to nail down Soviet strategic ascendancy once and for all. The U.S. has its sights set on restricting the number of weapons, whereas the Soviet side reaches for unchallengeable superiority in hitting-power within the permissible numbers. Our side has

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been thinking, as it were, in terms of a maypole dance; the other side is engaged in tug-of-war.

The MX in some mode or another is necessary and logical—although it may come too late—within the strictures of the SALT process as developed over the past 11 years. The conceivable better plans require cutting loose the SALT hamper. In a recent paper entitled "Defense Strategy and Funding for the 1980s," the Committee on the Present Danger suggests a remedy—modernized ICBMs, rebased in multiple vertical shelters. In that the shelters called for would, in the Soviet interpretation, exceed the limitations on land-based launchers, the (now sidelined) SALT II treaty would pose difficulties for that remedy. The proposal, however, suggests another idea. Why not extricate from the SALT treaty restrictions on ABM systems? Such an extrication would be in keeping with procedures envisaged in the SALT I treaty itself, for the document resembles a marriage contract with a divorce coupon incorporated. The SALT I ABM treaty was entered into as the first step toward mutual assured destruction. The idea has worked out as a trap for the United States. Abandoning the ban on ABM systems would open a way to the technically handiest method for countering the Soviet threat to U.S. land-based ICBMs, the fulcrum of this country's strategic defense.

If the Congress, seconding the Administration, remains mesmerized by the still unratified—and presumably unratifiable—SALT II treaty, then MX is probably indispensable. The times, however, call for bolder thinking.

Economic Myth-Busting

The *New York Times* has discovered an unpublished government report that concludes that unemployment among young people is much higher than official figures show, and that the unemployment gap between black and white youths is even wider than previously believed. For the study to receive the attention the *Times* obviously feels it merits, however, it will first have to deal with another study that covers the same ground but comes to completely different conclusions (a study which, be it noted, was not reported in the *Times*). Conducted by Martin Feldstein and David Ellwood and released by the National Bureau of Economic Research (NBER), this second study shows that the stereotyped image of the unemployed teenager as a black central-city resident "corresponds to less than 15 per cent of the unemployed."

The vast majority of the teenage unemployed are white—77 per cent nationally and 64 per cent in central cities. The authors find that teenage unemployment relates to education, and to class in terms of income, rather than to race. Among low-income families there is relatively little difference between teenage-unemployment rates for whites and nonwhites. While the Carter Administration and congressional liberals are using the "seriousness" of teenage unemployment (which they imply has racial overtones) to add more public-sector jobs to the porkbarrel, Feldstein and Ellwood point out that 87 per cent of unemployed youths live at home. Moreover, the periods of unemployment are short, with 55 per cent of the unemployed finding a new job within one month and only 10.7 per cent being out of work for as long as 26 weeks. In another NBER study, Richard Freeman points out that much of teenage unemployment is simply the normal result of youthful mobility and job turnover.

Two other recent NBER studies document the extremely high costs of basing tax and welfare policies on liberal ideology. In a study of tax integration, John Shoven, Don Fullerton, Thomas King, and John Whaley find that the double taxation of corporate dividends inflicts economic inefficiencies on the economy that total $6 billion a year.

In a study of the Social Security Disability Program, Jonathan Leonard finds that this program has substantially reduced the willingness of middle-aged men to work. Since the inception of the program, the rate of participation in the labor force has dropped 10.6 percentage points for nonwhites and 4.4 percentage points for whites. Leonard's statistical analysis shows that, controlling for health characteristics and potential earnings, a $180 increase in real yearly disability benefits will increase the proportion of "disabled" in the population by one percentage point. He concludes that the program has acted in large part as an escape hatch out of the labor force.

The Balanced-Budget Chimera

During the few days when Congress was debating the balanced budget, the cost of federal programs for 1981 rose by $3.5 billion, and the budget was in deficit before Congress could pass it. James Capra, chief of the budget projections unit of the Congressional Budget Office, said: "No matter what we do, we don't seem to be able to keep up with the increased spending"—a frank enough statement, though a bit rash for an employee of Congress.

When you look at all the political energy invested in producing a balanced budget that vaporized before it could become law, it makes you wonder if there isn't a better focus for effort. Let's see—what about cutting taxes? The effects of that might last long enough to do some good.

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On the other hand, they might not. Between January and March of this year, tax collections were revised upward by $70.3 billion for the 1980-82 period.

Update on President Carter's 1977 five-year budget forecast (1978-82): At the midpoint of the five-year period, actual figures and latest estimates show spending $319.9 billion above the forecast.

National Repentance

For Lent, United Methodist Bishop Edsel Ammons composed "A Call to Repentance" for the Michigan Area, over which he presides. After noting that "we in the American Church can learn from the honesty of the German Church after World War II," Ammons urged his flock to confess that "as citizens of the United States of America, we . . . have committed grave sins against the people of the Islamic Republic of Iran."

Forget the trendy politics. Conservative Christians sometimes employ the same idiom of national repentance. Let us consider that idiom.

"When governments will not repent," Ammons wrote, "we who constitute them must repent to bring about changes in policy." This may mean that when a nation's leaders behave atrociously, a religious citizen should regret that he did not strive to cashier them. Fine. What it also seems to mean, however, is that nations are corporate entities, in whose failings all citizens are implicated. Citizens must labor for the nation's salvation, too: repenting for public policies is a matter of public policy. The pray-ers become in effect the "real" leaders of the nation.

It is an ancient doctrine, with an impressive pedigree. Unfortunately, it doesn't have much to do with the religion Bishop Ammons professes to preach. Not since the destruction of the Jewish kingdom have orthodox Jews or Christians recognized a nation with a divine mission. Governments cannot go to Heaven, or (non-metaphorically) to Hell, and ministers and priests are not called upon to prescribe spiritual Five Year Plans.

Perhaps Ammons should try out for the Vestal Virgins.

Québecois ou Canadien?

The bitterness of the Quebec referendum battle belies the fuzziness of the question Quebeckers face on May 20: Should Premier René Lévesque be given a mandate to negotiate "sovereignty-association" with Canada? The Nos should win, although the vote looks close. A Yes win would have consequences at least unpleasant, at worst disastrous.

The basic mathematics of the vote are simple and have changed little since the separatist Parti Québecois swept to victory in 1976. About 22 per cent of Quebec's voters are diehard French separatists; another 20 per cent are non-French and therefore presumptively pro-Canadian; the remainder are French Canadians who in varying degrees have reservations about the separatist option, but who tend to believe that the terms of Confederation should be rewritten in Quebec's favor. The vagueness of the referendum's wording is designed to entice a bare majority of this group to vote for it as voting for a better deal within Confederation, since negotiation implies at least some improvement of Quebec's status.

Lévesque has already stated that a "50 per cent plus 1" vote will be a first step toward independence. He intends to rely on the Helsinki doctrine of national self-determination when, as has already been affirmed, the rest of Canada refuses to negotiate national breakup. At that point the strategic importance of Canada's unity would emerge. Already the hard Left across Canada has proclaimed Quebec's right of self-determination, and the Mounties have uncovered links between extreme separatists and Cuba, including the infiltration of weapons and agents.

A decisive No vote will not mean the demise of separatism, but it will give Canada a breathing spell to rework the constitution to meet the legitimate aspirations of Quebec's moderates. The rest of Canada is waiting tensely, while muttering about the irony that Quebeckers feel threatened by English dominance, given the presence in Ottawa of Pierre Trudeau's majority government elected because the Liberals carried all but one constituency in Quebec.

Quebeckers did enough damage to Canada in that election. This time they can make amends.

Blanketing the Shroud

The fact now appears to be that the famous Shroud of Turin has been accurately dated. High-contrast photography reveals a coin placed on the right eye of the figure. The coin can be identified. It depicts a *lituus*, or astrologer's staff, and the letters UCAI can be discerned, part of an inscription referring to Tiberius Caesar. This coin was minted during the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate. Pilate went out of office in 36 A.D., but coin specialists assert that he had coins minted only between 30 and 32 A.D.

Well, that pretty much does it. The Shroud is in fact a kind of photograph of Jesus Christ. The coin pins down the dating. Isn't this stop-the-presses news? You would certainly think so. A similar likeness of King Tut, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, or even George Washington would be one of the wonders of

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Sweden Runs Amuck

Take a tissue; dab a tear.
Socialism stripped a gear.
Be a dear and send some dough:
Kronas for Hanoi are low.
Gunnar Myrdal's very vexed.
Yumping yimminy, what next?
Just because they wanted "more,"
Nothing's moving. What a bore.

W. H. VON DREELE

the world. But a picture of Jesus Christ doesn't make it. The news of the coin discovery has fallen into a kind of embarrassed silence.

The Shroud expert who made the coin discovery, Francis L. Filas, SJ, released his findings in Chicago in November 1979. The editor of one newspaper, who had been asking for something "more definite" on the Shroud, declined to publish it. A few papers picked up the UPI account, and there was some coverage in the European press. Father Filas reports that he has had trouble placing an article on the Shroud as a datum of archaeology. He was informed by the publisher of *Scientific American* that, as far as that magazine is concerned, the Shroud does not exist.

This entire matter has thus reached the status of major intellectual scandal. The secular consciousness appears to be afraid to face the implications derived through its own empirical methods. In ignoring the results of empirical research, the secular consciousness thus turns its back on itself. It seems to prefer its own world view to the empirical method on which that view was originally based. This is a form of intellectual suicide, a sin for which, among others, Christ died.

Thou Shalt Not Pray

Sure enough, the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court has struck down a new law requiring teachers to allow prayer in public schools. Unconstitutional, you know. Maybe so; a deep and tricky question, no doubt. What is harder to understand is why civil libertarians automatically hail such rulings as victories for religious freedom. Would a prohibition against reading newspapers in schools be hailed as a victory for freedom of the press?

There is something puzzling about these ardent friends of religious liberty: usually they are the kind of folk (let's call them liberals for short) who think that no right can be said to have been established unless it has been officially encouraged and subsidized

It's curious the way "religious freedom" seems tc mean primarily, for them, freedom *from*, not *for* religion. The decisions they prize, concretely, are usually those which actually have the effect of curtailing religious ceremonies and influences. Add to this the fact that they tend to treat organized religion almost exclusively as a potential menace, and very seldom as a positive social force for good; and add to all this the further fact that they never protest the Communist persecution of religion as they protest (say) South African racial policies; and you are left with the conclusion that they really don't think the right to worship matters very much.

Notes & Asides

■ *(Remarks by WFB at a Testimonial Dinner for Henry Kissinger, Friars Club, New York, May 3, 1980)*

A year ago, the good news was that we had no hostages in Iran, and the dollar was worth ten cents more than it is today. The bad news was that President Carter had *two* more years to serve. And Henry Kissinger was toying with the idea of running for the Senate, always assuming that Jack Javits elected to retire. He confided this rumination to me, soliciting my advice, which is much more valuable than my support. I counseled him against running for the Senate, pointing out that he might conceivably win. He was puzzled by my analysis, which pleased me, since I tend to believe in reciprocity. I explained to him: You mustn't go to the Senate, I said, because you're the only other Jackie Kennedy. We need our own Jackie Kennedy, and, if Senator Javits will forgive me—after all, my brother Jim may also be listening—it is deglamorizing for a supercelebrity to go to the Senate. In Henry's case, we considered the alternative, namely having the Senate come to Henry; but Nancy pointed out the logistical problems, and so he abandoned the whole idea.

Not so—one supposes—the idea of serving at some future moment as Secretary of State. After all, Jackie Kennedy could marry again. It was only Eddie Fisher she was not permitted to marry. It was briefly rumored last week, when Secretary Vance resigned, that Mr. Carter might approach Henry, even as our Joint Chiefs should long since have asked the Israelis kindly to attend to the return of our hostages. But as we know, the call from the White House—which for

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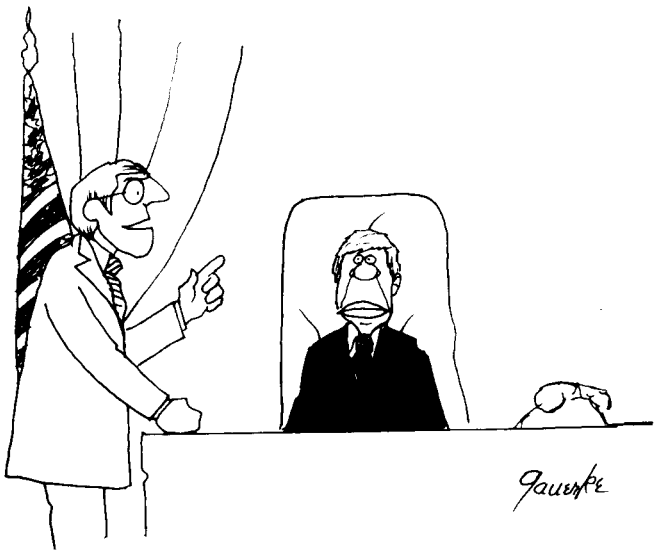
easons of protocol, let alone survival, Henry would ıave had difficulty in rejecting—never came. Instead t went to Senator Muskie, whose last sustained houghts on foreign policy were his opposition to Henry Kissinger's diplomacy during the Vietnam ears. Ah well. When, a generation ago, the dashing nayor of New York, Jimmy Walker, was asked by he press to justify elevating one of his most conspicıously unqualified associates to judge of the Children's Court of Queens, the Mayor answered disarmngly: "The appointment of Judge Hylan means the children can now be tried by their peer." The incumbent Secretary of State may prove excellently qualified to administer the policies of the incumbent President of the United States.

I am delighted to contribute to this non-partisan celebration of Henry Kissinger, whom I have known for 25 years. Curiously, I owe my friendship with our guest of honor to Senator Joseph McCarthy. It was in 1954 that I received a letter, followed by a visit, from the editor of a distinguished academic quarterly, who said he was searching for a literate explanation of the rationale of McCarthyism. I wrote the article, which he never published; from which I am certain Mike Wallace will rejoice to conclude yet again that no literate explanation of McCarthyism is construable, no matter how profound the resources of the sophist. But Henry then invited me to participate in his famous Harvard summer seminars, sensing an obligation to his foreign students to exhibit to them the most exotic specimens in the American political zoo.

What happened, during those years, is something I make bold to say—notwithstanding the shock-value of the word, used in such urbane company—what happened—what developed, was: a friendship.



"—and if the sanctions fail, we'll try a blockade; if it fails, we'll threaten military action; if that fails, we'll send in Madalyn Murray O'Hair."

There is no other way to put it, and no other way that I would choose to put it. One reads about our guest of honor all the time, in all the journals; words written by admirers, and by critics. On and on they go. They analyze this statement of his, that nuance; they praise or blame him for this policy or that; they assign to him responsibility for this crisis or that démarche. It is comfortable to believe that history will sort it all out, and Henry's next book, as is true of his last one, a modern classic, will of course not begin to end the historical controversies.

What I have come to know over the years is on the other hand unchallengeable. It is, simply stated, that Henry Kissinger is my friend. He has been that for a great many years. That friendship is entirely unaffected by any disagreements we have; unaffected by what I write about his policies, what he does to the world I live in; his opinions, his techniques: with all of which I am frequently in agreement—which does not matter to me, nor, I expect, to him. He is—as all of us know—an extraordinary public figure, and I hardly dissociate myself from that chorus which gathers to praise famous men, as the scriptural injunction decrees that we should do. I will go along with that, but when I look at him, I am not seeing Caesar. Or Metternich. Or the greatest Secretary of State in American history. A sister of mine, keeping my father company in his last sickness, took an afternoon job with the local radio station, in the little town in South Carolina where my family wintered, writing copy for local advertisers. One day she was approached by an elderly black gentleman of great dignity who presided over a funeral parlor whose services he wished to advertise. My sister asked him what exactly he would like her to say, and he replied, "It doesn't matter, Miss Buckley. Just so it's serene." In the turbulent career of a man of many parts, in the most turbulent and possibly apocalyptic stage in history, one clings to such a serenity as I—and many of you—have found in the friendship of Henry Kissinger.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Bill Rusher

In the last issue of *NR* (May 16; p. 608) David Evanier in his piece on the Rosenbergs drops a line: "These are people winding themselves up into mechanical Stalinist dolls, as rigid and predictable as such latter-day incarnations as the Moonies, the SLA, or the Jonestown members. . . ." I find that association, whatever one's position on the Reverend Moon, unfortunate, and unjustified.

Bill: I agree with you. Bill —**WFB**

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The Current WISDOM

Do Something, Jody

NEAL B. FREEMAN

No experiment is ever a complete failure. It can always be used as a bad example.—"Wisdom from the Giants of Science," National Institutes of Health

CARRY THOSE words with you when you travel. When folks start giggling at them, you know you have left the greater Washington area. Here at home, in the laboratory of the country's experiment with democratic government, those same words bring the long face of reasoned assent. There is a constituency here for bad examples, after all, the production of which engages the lives of thousands of technocrats . . . even technocrats with the leavening experience of a red-dirt Georgia boyhood.

Which brings us to the Honorable Joseph Powell and his occasional theatrical presentation, the presidential press conference. It is Mr. Powell's mission, as it was his predecessors', to make his boss look good. It is the mission of the press, it is asseverated, to serve the people's right to know. The imperatives of the two missions are not easily reconciled, but the presumption is by now well established that the presidential press conference is the compromise least objectionable to both sides. Our own view is that the presumption ought to come up for review, preferably one day soon.

The cast of characters is familiar, in the manner of a small-town repertory theater. Kindly Frank Cormier, the senior wire-service reporter, representing the AP, tosses out the first softball. Last time out, with Washington abuzz over Carter's near-raid in Iran, Cormier led off the questioning by asking the President whether he would seek an early meeting with our European allies. A suspicious Carter listened for a ticking sound from that package, heard nothing, and passed it back to Cormier, unopened. Perhaps Cormier was working on a piece for the travel section.

From the networks, we always have three splendid creatures, usually two men and a person. They sound good and, gosh, they look good, but—how can we put it?—they don't have their act together. Their interrogation style pursues a strangely circuitous route to the heart of the story. (In Theodore Levitt's phrase, they have an "instinct for the capillary.") First, Dan Doubleknit: "Mr. President, has there been any break in the case involving the loss of $10 million in gold bullion from Fort Knox?" The President: "We have an FBI report identifying fingerprints at the scene of the crime as those of Senator Proxmire, but until the case is before the courts it would be premature to speculate on his guilt or innocence." Harold Hairspray, Dan's tenacious rival, leaps to his feet: "Mr. President, can you confirm reports now circulating on Capitol Hill that you intend to appoint a special prosecutor in the gold bullion case?" Mr. President: "That is one of the matters I will be discussing with the new Attorney General, as soon as I can find an adequate replacement for Mr. Civiletti." Finally, Cathy Capteeth, batting in the clean-up position: "Mr. President, who will be your principal spokesman in foreign policy, Mr. Brzezinski or Secretary Muskie?"

By God

The problem is twofold. In the first place, each of the television reporters has sharpened his question to a fine edge and he is going to ask it, by God. No sense wasting five minutes' worth of hard work. And in the second place, there is no collegial interest in sequential questioning, with the result that reporter B doesn't bother to listen to the President's answer to reporter A. B is much more concerned with 1) attracting the attention of the President, 2) getting to his feet without falling over the next row of chairs, and 3) working through his question without permanent loss of cool. One half-expects him to finish his question, turn to the camera, and mouth the words, "Hi, mom."

Occasionally—very occasionally and certainly spontaneously—a pattern of follow-up questioning begins to form. Sensing danger, the President will pivot from the area he has been addressing and search out an unfamiliar face from another section of the room. He wants to buy a little time, find a reprieve from the press-room regulars. Almost invariably, he will draw one of two wild cards. Let's call the first one Abu Ben Socko. You know the type. He represents the *Gnatwanna Progressive*, circulation 387, and he lays down thirty seconds of Leftspeak, an urban dialect in which the noun "peoples" is inextricably linked with the adjective "suffering." When the restlessness in the room becomes palpable, Abu winds it up with a "question": "Will you be offering an apology to the suffering peoples of Gnatwanna?" The President patiently explains that an apology would be inappropriate, at least until the Gnatwanna regime releases Rosalynn and Amy.

The Dam on the Lake?

Alternatively, the President picks on Arnold Argyle, a visiting fireman from a northern Minnesota weekly who is wondering just where in the heck this Administration stands on the proposal to build a new dam on Nerdville Lake. The President wishes the heck he knew.

When all of this stage business has been completed, there follows the inevitable appearance by Daniel Schorr, who, it must be said, usually asks a heuristic question. What is curious about his appearance is that the "super" that appears across his chest reads, "Daniel Schorr, Cable News Network." Now it's not an hermetically kept secret around the country that there is no such thing as a Cable News Network—not until June, anyway—yet there is Mr. Schorr month after month filing those reports to the Cable News Network. If Mr. Schorr weren't such a high-ranking theologian in the Church of the First Amendment, we might suspect that he was serving his right to promote rather than the people's right to know.

When it's all over, when Frank Cormier has said, "Thank you, Mr. President," and the correspondents have filed out, one is left with the feeling that, implausibly, both sides have lost.

It's time for a change, Jody. We have all the bad examples we can use. □

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The 1914 Analogy

BRIAN CROZIER

In Bonn a few days ago, everybody was talking about the 1914 analogy. Chancellor Schmidt had started the fashion, with no fewer than four public, and several private, references to it. The anti-Strauss weekly, *Der Spiegel*, devoted a major article to it.

Are we indeed, in this disturbed spring of 1980, drifting helplessly toward a world war, as the great powers did in the spring of 1914—helpless to anticipate or affect the future course of events?

The West German Chancellor has his own reasons, to which I shall return, for embracing the analogy, but it seems clear that it did not come to him unaided: that, indeed, he seized upon it on reading an article by Professor Miles Kahler of Princeton, in the Winter issue of *Foreign Affairs*. I have a nagging feeling that Kahler's piece ("Rumors of War: The 1914 Analogy") may have unfortunate long-term consequences similar in kind to Mr. X/Kennan's famous article of July 1947 in the same publication, which Dr. Kahler appropriately quotes.

From the 1947 article flowed the "containment" policy—that "bureaucratic verbalization of drift," in James Burnham's crushing phrase. When, as my mentor and predecessor in this space foresaw, containment turned to appeasement, we were on the slippery slope to our present depths of disarray.

Many *NR* readers will have read Kahler's article, and some will have admired his easy grasp of the complexities of international politics in the days of Kaiser Wilhelm and Sir Edward Grey. His apparently easy grasp of today's complexities is far more superficial, however.

The Danger of Drift

The world today is not drifting toward war in the sense that it was in 1914—although an increasing danger of nuclear confrontation does, in my view, exist. The Soviet Union, in particular, is not drifting at all. It is simply pursuing, with unflagging energy, the unchanged goal of Lenin's Comintern (1919) and of its 1924 program: to extend the Soviet system to all countries of the world without exception.

It is the Western alliance that is drifting, and in this drift admittedly lies acute danger.

In one passage of his article, Miles Kahler makes this breath-taking statement: "The Communist International that shaped a generation of leaders is now only a memory."

Where has the Professor been living all these years? We all know that Stalin announced the dissolution of the Comintern in 1943 to reassure his wartime allies about the postwar intentions of the Soviet Union. But we also know that Stalin himself re-launched the Comintern immediately after the war, in the new guise of the International Department of the ruling Party's central committee.

Today, with the enormously increased resources of the Soviet state at its disposal, the new-style Comintern is more active and more successful than ever. It trains, arms, and funds terrorists, topples governments (in harness with the KGB), and plots the world strategy of Soviet subversion.

These realities apparently escape Professor Kahler's attention; or, to the extent that he may notice them, he does not appear to connect them with the ideology of the Soviet state, enshrined in Brezhnev's 1977 Constitution and held to justify *any* action (from the murder of individuals to the use, if necessary, of nuclear weapons) to impose the Soviet system on all other countries.

Why, however, should Chancellor Schmidt echo the theme of the 1914 analogy? As I have pointed out before, the Chancellor has a problem with the left wing of his Social Democratic Party. Men like Egon Bahr, Willy Brandt, and Herbert Wehner are stepping up the pressure in favor of a deal between Bonn and Moscow, under which West Germany would quit NATO and accept a Soviet territorial guarantee. The ultimate prize would be German reunification.

The Chancellor is not in harmony with their views, but these are the men who control his party (Bahr as secretary-general; Wehner as leader of the parliamentary group; Brandt as party chairman, and also, incidentally, chairman of the Socialist International). He cannot ignore them, and latterly there are disturbing signs that he may yield to their pressure.

In this context, the 1914 analogy is helpful to Schmidt. If the world is drifting toward generalized war, as the Professor seems to think, then the Soviet Union, too, is the prisoner of forces beyond its control. We are all guilty, or nobody is guilty (or, if you prefer, the Soviets are no guiltier than anybody else). At all events, Soviet power is at Germany's doorstep, and the top men in Schmidt's party would like it if he ran as the "man of peace" who will relieve his country and Europe of the fear of attack (by accepting Soviet aims—but after all every good thing has its price).

Hitler Wanted War

If the analogy is accepted, then it is easy to think of the tragic failure of the rescue attempt in the Iranian desert as the Sarajevo of the 1980 drift. In fact, 1980 is far more analogous to 1939 than to 1914. In 1939, Hitler wanted war, for which he had long prepared, and he was unrestrained by the Western powers. France's view of the art of war was sclerotic: the technology of 1918, plus the Maginot Line. Britain's view of the art of war had been dominated by appeasement. America simply hoped to keep out of it.

Today—indeed, since 1945—the Soviet Union already *is* at war. The aggression against Afghanistan is merely the latest campaign in a protracted war, other phases of which have included the Korean and Vietnam Wars, the Communization of Eastern Europe, the satellization of Cuba, the use of surrogates in Africa, and all the et ceteras. For Brezhnev today, as for Hitler in 1939, there are few restraints in sight. Giscard affects to believe that Afghanistan does not concern France directly; Schmidt is surrounded by leftists and appeasers. Mrs. Thatcher stands firm, but Britain scarcely inspires any awe in 1980.

The drift toward a nuclear war can be halted only if the United States, having recovered its will, also actually recovers its lost military pre-eminence, yet understands that weapons are only one factor (and so far not the most important) in the complex equation of World War III. □

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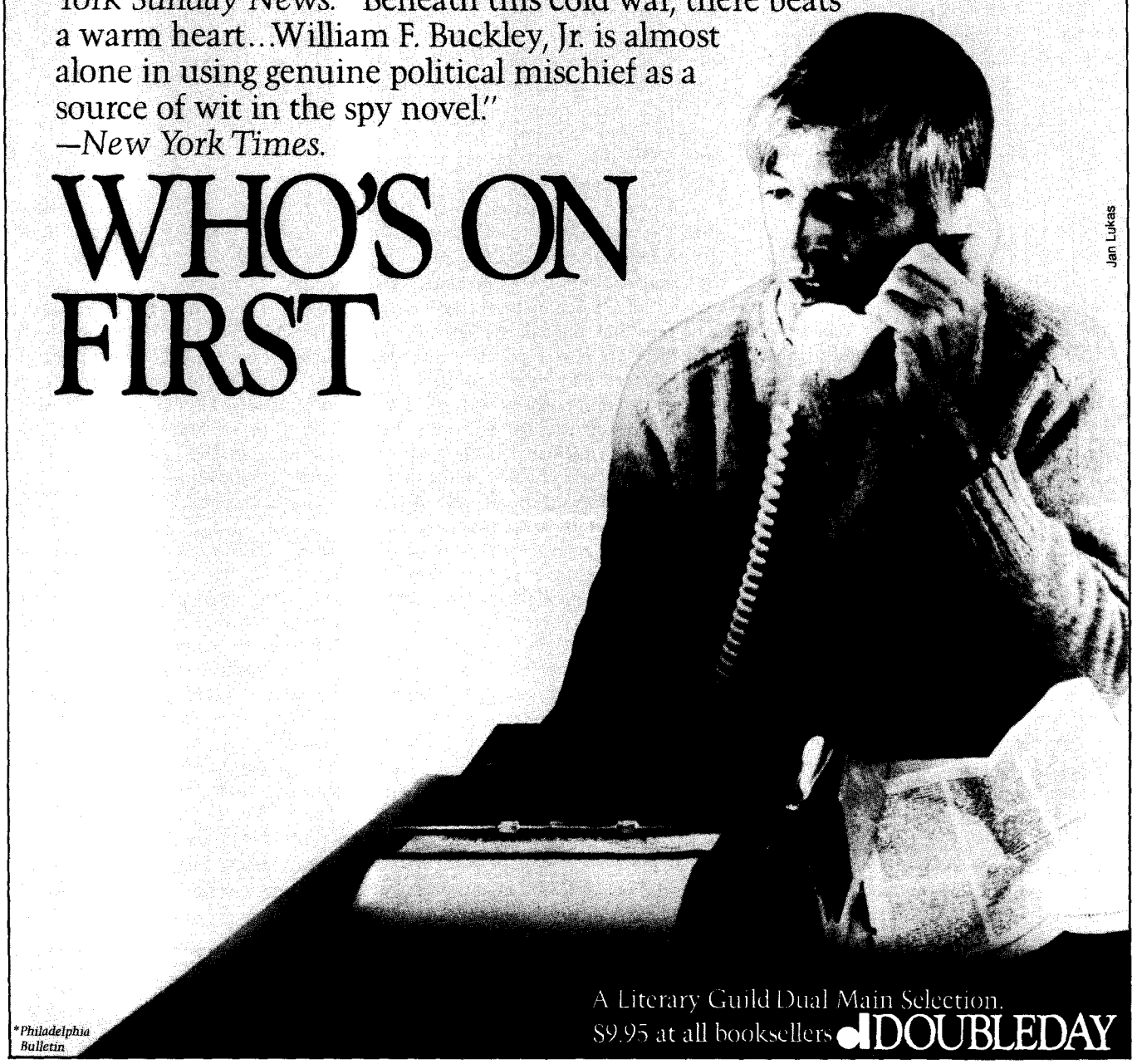

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LETTER FROM PARIS

Souvarine Triumphant

THOMAS MOLNAR

When, in the early Thirties, Boris Souvarine submitted the manuscript of his *Stalin* to the French publisher Gallimard, André Malraux, who was influential in the house, remarked to him: "When you people are on the winning side, I shall join you." Needless to say, Gallimard rejected the manuscript.

The book did not fare much better in New York. Alfred Knopf did consent to publish it; however, influenced by a leftist British friend, Knopf failed to push the book, and then he yielded the rights, without informing the author, to Secker and Warburg in London, and to a small American publisher, Alliance Book Corporation. Both companies treated Souvarine shabbily. It wasn't until 1935 that the work was finally published in France by Plon, over the objections of Gabriel Marcel, the famous Catholic existentialist, then a leftist. In Holland, the translation was done by a friend of Malraux's, a poet who scorned politics. *Stalin* did find quite a few readers in England in 1939-40, but mainly because the public was groping frantically for an explanation of the Stalin-Hitler Pact.

Now, forty years after the original edition, *Stalin* has been re-published in Paris (by Champ Libre), and this time it has taken the intellectual scene by storm. At 85, Souvarine is being celebrated as a newly discovered star.

The Silent Treatment

The veteran Sovietologist had been a companion of the old Bolsheviki in his youth, but he broke with "the socialist experiment" in the Twenties. From then on, in his own periodicals and elsewhere, he published superbly documented attacks on Stalin and his successors that placed him in the front rank of anti-Communist scholarship. But in the Thirties Stalin was at the height of his popularity, and *Stalin* received the silent treatment.

Today the climate has changed, owing in large part to Solzhenitsyn's arrival in the West. Today you can dine in Paris with leftist intellectuals who not only excoriate Communism but admit their own past misjudgments of it. *Habent sua fata libelli*: the old saying fits like a glove. And in this new intellectual world, *Stalin* is the talk of Paris.

But the Left's desire to gain absolution for past errors would not alone have been enough to give *Stalin* the startling success it has had. Instead, one must remember what a brilliant achievement the book itself actually is. Written before the purges, before the liquidation of the kulaks, before the decimation of the officer corps, it presents so true a picture of Stalin that we forget that there were twenty more years of Stalinist terror to come—that it wasn't until 1956 that Khrushchev acknowledged the dimensions of Stalin's crimes.

Souvarine's descriptions and judgments are not the products of hindsight. His documentation and scholarship defy the imagination, since memoirs and analyses of Russia in the early Thirties were rare and difficult to get hold of. That there are few surprises in the book simply means that there was very little that the Kremlinology of the last forty years could add to what Souvarine had outlined and anticipated in the Thirties. He wrote a classic about a model that is still on the drawing board. He fleshed out his portrait of a monster at a time when Western poets were singing paeans to his fatherly smile and Franklin D. Roosevelt was proclaiming his admiring friendship for Uncle Joe.

However, Souvarine would not be the consummate portraitist he is if he had presented Stalin as a monolith of evil. Granted, there were not many saving features to uncover, but some explanations are offered. Though Stalin was excluded from the Orthodox seminary, for example, and took to robbing banks for the Party, Souvarine reminds us that the Tiflis Seminary was a hotbed of revolutionary fervor at the time, and that bank robbery was the accepted way to replenish Party funds.

This said, I must, however, dissent to some extent from Souvarine's thesis. In his youth, the author was an active Communist, co-founder of the French Communist Party, a secretary of the Third International; he knew the Communist elite, from Lenin and Trotsky to Gramsci and Bukharin. Early on, he turned away from his Party colleagues. He became one of the original, perhaps *the* original Kremlinologist. His book evokes a fantastic epoch; his attack on Left-liberals is a cascade of scorn. Yet a soft spot has remained, somewhere, like the nostalgia of a first love. Under Souvarine's pen, Lenin is implicitly exonerated, and his dreadful deeds remain unmentioned even in the epilogue, written in 1975, when the documentation was all there. (Souvarine was reproached in a review by Le Roy Ladurie, the historian, for this indulgence.) Marxism itself, Souvarine implies in numerous passages, suffered distortion by Stalin and other of Lenin's heirs. It became a "so-called Marxism," a brilliant system fallen on evil days, in the hands of a primitive country boy and his henchmen.

The Original Evil

If this is so—if Stalin was merely a paranoiac inflicting his own problems upon his people, and if Marxism is not as bad as its Soviet version suggests—how is it that Mao Tse-tung, Fidel Castro, Pol Pot, etc. have also been tyrants? Wasn't Lenin himself the initiator of hard-labor camps, the initiator of cold-blooded killings and assassinations? The truth is, Marxism *is* the inhuman doctrine; all the rest, events and men, follow from the original evil.

Solzhenitsyn, as I mentioned before, has had a major impact on the French scene, on French leftists. Now Souvarine's influence too has become important. An uncompromising man with a cutting, sarcastic style and immense learning, he is in the tradition of the great French pamphleteers and wields awesome authority. Even though he has not been able to bring himself to reject entirely the ideology of his youth, his scholarship has, by its unflinching honesty, done much to undermine it. The re-publication of *Stalin* is further proof of Marxism's passing from fashion, a happy fact to which Souvarine's life work has so greatly contributed. □

Mr. Molnar's latest book is Theists and Atheists, a Typology of Non-Belief.

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RICHARD SHENKMAN

RESCUE BY THE PRIVATE SECTOR

THE INCIDENT has faded now, a small episode overshadowed by the six-month-long spectacle in Teheran. But nearly 11 months before the Iranian mob stormed the American Embassy and seized its occupants, two other Americans suddenly found themselves in an Iranian jail. Unlike their successors, they were not plastered across the front pages. No UN vote condemned their captors, no appeals to the World Court were made in their behalf. Unlike their successors, they got out.

There was, to be sure, some dispute as to whether William Gaylord and Paul Chiapparone, engineers for the Dallas-based computer company Electronic Data Systems (EDS), were technically hostages. Iranian authorities insisted that, although no charges were brought against them when they were arrested on December 28, 1978, they were lawfully imprisoned. Eventually the authorities did charge them with bribing Iranian officials to secure a $20-million contract for EDS.

Ross Perot, the man in charge of EDS, saw things differently. Iran had not been coming through on its part of the existing contract. By the end of 1978, the Iranian government owed EDS $5 million. In December 1978, therefore, Perot decided to stop operations and withdraw his employees from the country. Such precipitate action was deemed necessary because the general situation was deteriorating rapidly: the Shah was preparing to depart, Ayatollah Khomeini was packing his bags in Paris, and the government of Prime Minister Shahpur Bakhtiar was impotent to stem the tide of violence. "Crisis Reaches Decisive Stage after Day of Wild Shooting and Lawlessness in Teheran," ran a *New York Times* headline.

"Within 12 hours [of when EDS began withdrawing its personnel]," Perot says, "the Iranians started trying to pick up our people as hostages. The objective was to assure that we would come back in and start up the computer systems." Indeed, the Iranian government prosecutor offered to free Gaylord and Chiapparone if EDS would renegotiate its contract with Iran. "That suggests," a State Department official remarked at the time, "that a large element of commercial blackmail [on the part of Iran] may have been involved."

Perot is a man of action and (like Jimmy Carter) a graduate of Annapolis. Back in 1970 he attempted an airlift of supplies to American POWs in North Vietnam in an effort to focus attention on their sorry treatment. Now, faced with Iran's action, he tried to interest Washington in the plight of his two employees. But the government was indifferent to his request for aid, and he decided to act on his own—and quickly. Quickly because at any moment Iran might be plunged into anarchy. "The mobs were no longer shouting," Perot later commented, "they were shooting."

Perot's initial step was to send a team to Teheran to try to negotiate the release of the hostages. But in case that failed—as it did—he had meanwhile contacted Arthur Simons, the colonel (now retired) who in 1970 had led a raid on a North Vietnamese POW camp—only to find that the prisoners had been evacuated a few days earlier. Simons agreed to help, but said he wanted no compensation for his services. He arrived in Dallas and met Perot on New Year's Day.

Simons and Perot first considered a military attack on Ghasr Prison, where the Americans were being held, but quickly abandoned this idea as too risky: the prison was heavily guarded and surrounded by a 12-foot-high wall. They decided finally to proceed by provoking a mob attack on Ghasr; they hoped that in the confusion, as the prison's

This article was prepared from an interview Ross Perot gave Richard Shenkman in September 1979—two months prior to the November 4 capture of the American Embassy in Teheran. Mr. Perot was notified the day before the ill-fated hostage rescue mission a fortnight ago that NATIONAL REVIEW *had accepted the article and scheduled it for publication in its May 30 issue. Mr. Perot questions the timing of its publication.*

Mr. Shenkman, who studied American history at Vassar and Harvard, is co-author of the recently published One-Night Stands with American History. *He is currently working on a book about people who have helped change America's way of life since World War II.*

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seven thousand inmates poured out into the streets, Gaylord and Chiapparone, though obviously American, might be able to slip away unnoticed. Iranian revolutionaries were eager to storm the prison, which had become a symbol of the deposed Shah's power, and were thus easy to mobilize.

The attack came on February 11, 1979. Gaylord and Chiapparone did indeed escape with the rest, and they made their way to the Hyatt Hotel ten miles away where they met up with Simons's commandos. After a harrowing two-day trek, they crossed over into Turkey.

When the Iranian government learned of Perot's role in the breakout, Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan (who had succeeded Bakhtiar) promised an investigation.

Meanwhile, Perot filed suit against Iran for the money owed his company. A freeze had been placed on Iranian assets in a New York bank; in due course, a federal district court ruled that there was no evidence of corruption by EDS in the performance of its contractual obligations in Iran, and EDS eventually received $19 million from the frozen assets.

In September 1979 Perot provided his own account of his role in the rescue of William Gaylord and Paul Chiapparone, in the following interview with Richard Shenkman.

The government wouldn't do anything for us. Ask me if I tried to get our government to do anything and I will defy you to name one person in a prominent position that we didn't make a personal appeal to. Just anybody you want to name. Some tried to help, but nobody was effective. A lot of them didn't even care. The State Department wasn't really interested.

Protecting American citizens is a role that our government should perform. Private companies, private individuals shouldn't be involved in this sort of thing. But if your government is not willing to protect American citizens, and if you have people in your company imprisoned in a country, you have an obligation to get them out of there.

Now the turning point was . . . My mother was dying of cancer. She knew the men were being held hostage. I laid the whole thing out to her and I said, What do you think we ought to do? And she said, I don't think there's any question but that you have to go rescue them. That's it.

It was that simple. They had gone over there for EDS. They hadn't done anything. They had gotten trapped. And we had to get them out.

When you run a military operation, the first thing you have to do is find the best officer you can and then give him everything he asks for. I knew I wanted Colonel Simons, though I hadn't seen him in years. We would not have considered going into the operation without him. He wasn't a machine, he was a very complicated man. His aim was to pull the whole thing off surgically and to bring everybody back safely.

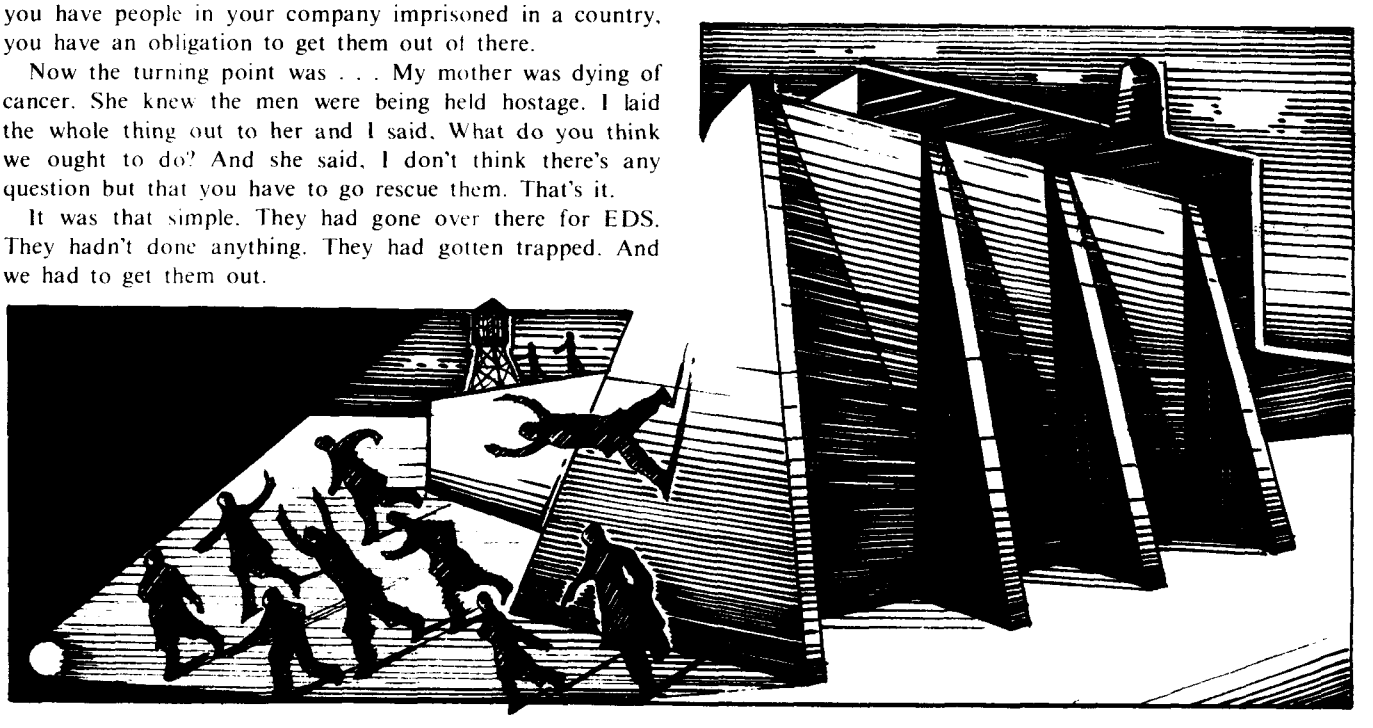
The team was made up entirely of EDS employees. They were all people who had had background in this kind of thing: officers in special forces . . . marines . . . rangers, that sort of thing. All of them had lived in Teheran. I probably picked one out of five who volunteered. Every man I talked to volunteered. No arm-twisting was involved.

One of the criteria was that these guys had to have been in live combat where they saw the man hit that they shot. Colonel Simons said it's totally different if you're a pilot or something. He said on the ground it's different.

These fellows were past the adventure point. You see, once you've done what they've done you realize it's a place you can get hurt, get killed, there's no glory, it's a lousy way to make a living. They were out of the service. They had wives, children, mortgages, all the things that young people have. So that tells you a lot about them, about their concern for their fellow men.

In the middle of the planning I decided I had to go to Teheran and talk to the guys in jail. It was important for me to look them in the eye and tell them that I was going to get them out. I wouldn't have somebody else do it. I figured that if it had been me in jail, and I'd seen that the top guy can come in here, talk to me, and leave, then things might not be so far gone as they appear to be. It would settle me down. One of the things we had to do was get these guys in the frame of mind where, when we had the jailbreak, they would function and get out and know what to do.

I did not know how to sneak into a country, much less



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a Middle Eastern country. Sneaking into a European country, I think, would have been easier. After a lot of research —and we did a lot of research, because I would have been a better person for the Iranians to have as a hostage than the two guys who were there (you see, I was the ultimate hostage for getting EDS to come back in)—we found that NBC had a plane that flew tapes back and forth from Teheran to Jordan—tapes and camera crews. I went to Amman, Jordan and made a deal with them that the first day they were going to take camera crews, I would fly with them. I never said I was an NBC cameraman. I got off the plane, carried a tape, dropped it off where I was supposed to, got my passport stamped, and disappeared into the city.

When I went to the jail—you see, I had to go into the jail using my passport (I used my own passport because I didn't want to break any more laws than we had to)—I had to sign in with my name and everything. But one part of the bureaucracy was holding the hostages and one part was running the jail and they hadn't correlated the two. So I just walked in.

I was just wearing a sportshirt and I had two big bags of groceries. I'm not that impressive looking. I don't look like a guy running an American company. I'm just a guy wandering in taking stuff to the two Americans who are in jail.

Everything was going along fine when I looked across the room and there was Ramsey Clark. I couldn't believe it, I just couldn't believe it. He was over there representing Khomeini trying to get someone out of jail. My wife knows Ramsey's sister and I worried that he would recognize me. So I decided the best thing to do was to go over to him. Ramsey was sitting over there and his eyes got big. I walked over and said, Ramsey, what are you doing in jail? Well, the general who ran the jail just broke up laughing. He could speak English. He was kind of a sharp guy and yet he was being real nice to Ramsey. The general figured I must be all right because I knew Ramsey.

The only time we ever got to talk to the men privately was that day, because I was a friend of Ramsey's! And I needed a private place to talk to them. I had to sit down and talk to them and lay out the whole thing. I'm sure Ramsey never did or said anything that would heighten the general's concern. They probably went on to some other subject.

After I explained to the guys what we were planning to do I came back to this country and we got everything in place. Then I took the team to Turkey. You see, we had the hostages coming overland from Iran and we had a very elaborate plan. If the guys got hurt, if they got picked up in Iran, we had a team in Turkey that would go and get them. And that's when we could have gotten some people killed. We had planes, helicopters, we had very fine pilots. We had a 707 with all the electronics in the world to go up in the air, talk to people on the ground, and talk to the helicopters.

It was kind of a combination of good luck and fortune as opposed to the Harvard Business School approach, showing charts and graphs and five-year plans and so forth. But it would be a disservice to Colonel Simons and the men to have you feel that this was a bunch of guys swinging from limb to limb. This was as carefully planned as anything that you ever saw. It was planned, planned, planned. We drove that route over which the men would escape four times until it was just like we were driving home. And we saw the situation deteriorating each time we went and it got harder and harder to go.

We wanted to use as little force as possible to get them out but we had the force if necessary. Fortunately, we didn't need to use it. We enlisted the help of a small number of Iranians who worked themselves into the leadership of the mob, and they were successful in inciting the mob to action. Our men just came right out.

Even so, the State Department almost got them killed, because Washington leaked a report to the press about our operation. The only reason you ever heard about the escape was that in order to keep that story from being printed until we got to the border, I had to agree to have a press conference. My objective was to get out of there and never say a word. But I'm not mad at the press, I'm mad at that girl in the State Department who mindlessly leaked it to the press.

You see, I was in Turkey and I was trying to get some-

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thing that I needed there. We had good cooperation with the Embassy in Turkey. But they sent a secret cable to Washington just as our guys were coming out of Iran. If those guys got killed I felt that I played a part in doing it because I touched the tarbaby, I touched the State Department. Now I was sick, because the guy that was working with us in Turkey was the only good State Department guy I ever ran into. He was trying — well, not only trying, he really helped us as much as he could. And he just did what a good State Department guy should have done in sending a secret cable. But that girl in Washington let the secret out.

When it came to rescuing Gaylord and Chiapparone, we were risking everything, facing the possibility of prison. Now you start thinking that all the way through. Put your lawyer hat on and say, What if this hadn't worked? What if some of the men on the rescue team had gotten killed? You see what I mean? The legal implications were a horror. Forget the imagery. The imagery would have been as bad as you could possibly make it. But the legal implications would have been terrible. EDS would have been blamed. I would have been blamed. And I would probably be in prison or on my way there right now, because we had the status of mercenaries. So we were betting the company name, its assets, our assets, everything we'd accumulated, to get those two guys out. Thank God it worked. □

Queen Victoria's Hostage Problem

In November 1863, King Theodore II of Abyssinia (Ethiopia) wrote to Queen Victoria asking her assistance in forming an expedition to capture Jerusalem and secure the right of Christian pilgrims in that holy city. King Theodore, who was, or so he claimed, a direct descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, had received his education in a monastery, and, upon seizing the throne in 1855, became a religious fanatic, destroying mercilessly anything he considered to smack of decadence.

The Queen did not reply to Theodore's request. And her failure to do so had serious consequences for the British Consul, Mr. Charles D. Cameron, and ten foreign missionaries, including two women, whom the King seized and held as hostages. They would not be released for four and a half years.

This was quite a turnabout. Cameron and his predecessor, Mr. Plowden, had served as chief advisors to Theodore in all matters. In fact, they were so close to him as to worry the British Foreign Office, which sent a message to Cameron ordering him to cease his involvement in Abyssinian affairs and return to his residence. But by the time this directive arrived, Cameron was a hostage; it was intercepted; the King read it, and was further enraged.

The British Consul in Cairo was instructed by London to warn Theodore that if he did not release the hostages "he would incur the very serious displeasure of the British government and expose himself to consequences which might . . . shake his authority." But there was a problem. There was no simple way for London to carry out its threats. Theodore, at Gondar, was not easily within reach of the British Lion. Furthermore, it was argued that a demonstration of force might defeat its object by endangering the lives of the hostages.

Instead, therefore, the British next tried sending Theodore a belated reply to his initial letter to the Queen. This reply was entrusted to a new emissary, Mr. Rassam, who arrived in Abyssinia in January 1866. Rassam was received with kindness and showered with presents. Theodore released the prisoners and apparently placed them at Rassam's disposal. But what in fact had happened was that Rassam and his two aides had joined the hostages.

Theodore next released one hostage, Herr Flad, a German, and sent him to Europe with the message that the others would be released when Britain had sent Theodore machinery and technicians to run it. Flad apparently failed in that mission and, trusting soul that he was, returned to Abyssinia, where an enraged Theodore threw him back in the clink.

Meanwhile, back at home, there was increased agitation against Britain's submission to a "savage despot"; neither France nor Russia, said the critics, "would endure such an insult." Finally, in the fall of 1867—four years after the hostages were taken—the government of Lord Derby decided on a military expedition to free them.

The expedition would be headed by Sir Robert Napier, commander of the British forces in Bombay. His assault force included 3,400 men, elephants, artillery, and support and construction units. Napier's assignment was strictly to free the captives, not to deprive Abyssinia of any portion of its territory — although, if Theodore should fall into the hands of the expeditionary force, he was to be sent to Bombay.

However, sending an expedition was not quite that simple—the plan required sophisticated political maneuvering by its parliamentary supporters back home. A special parliamentary authorization was needed for Indian revenues to be applied to any military venture beyond India's borders. The cost of the expedition was initially estimated at £2 million, and a special tax was voted to cover the expense, adding a penny to the income tax for that year. However, as time dragged on, the estimated cost grew to £3.5 million, then to £6 million, and finally to £8 million (out of a total budget of £70 million). And that meant yet another addition to the income tax. The situation was further complicated by a change of government, with Lord Derby resigning as Prime Minister and Benjamin Disraeli taking over.

Five months later, Napier's forces landed in Abyssinia, and on Easter Monday Theodore committed suicide. The prisoners were released unharmed, and Napier started withdrawing within the week. It was widely noted that this mission had added to the luster of British arms but had added not an inch to Britain's territory. —Ilya Levkov

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help !!!!

Old Mother Hubbard

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to her cupboard
To fetch her poor dog a bone.
She was awfully galled
To find it recalled
And so the poor dog had none.

GEORGE CLOWES

Rothco

"Which country should we ruin today?"

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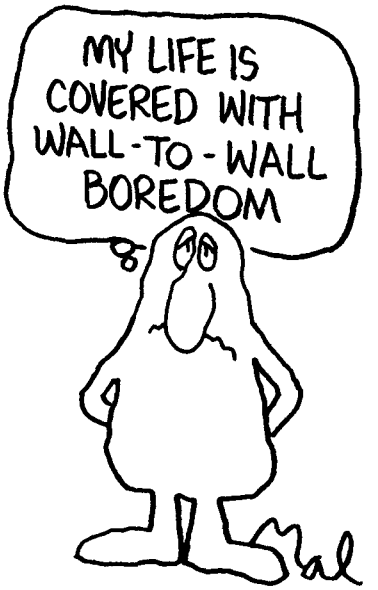
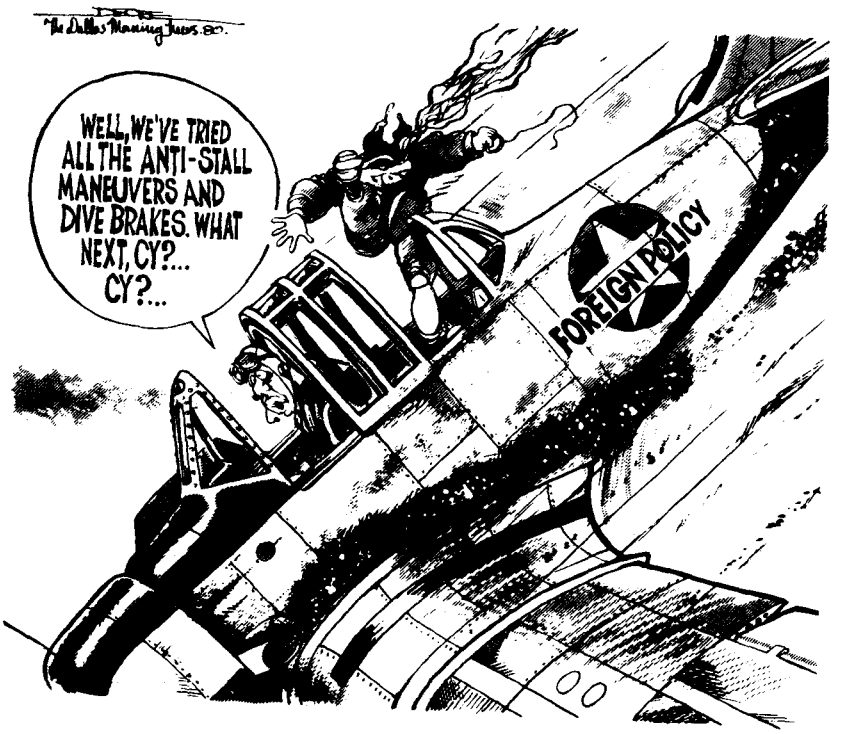


Old Mother's Cupboard

Old Mother Hubbard
Once had a cupboard
But OSHA took it away.

GEORGE CLOWES

"Who wrote, 'Fig Newton discovered the Law of Gravity because he was a smart cookie'?"



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ALASKA

One-half of 1 per cent of Alaska's Arctic National Wildlife Range is estimated to contain enough oil to replace foreign imports entirely for ten years. But OPEC needn't worry. Federal policies are making certain the oil stays under the ground

Locking Up the Last Frontier

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

"This is an energy-rich nation," said Ronald Reagan during a campaign swing through New England. "Alaska alone has a greater oil reserve than Saudi Arabia."

The reaction was negative. The *Washington Post* called Reagan's assertion an "apparent misstatement," and the Energy Department and the American Petroleum Institute concurred, pointing out that the official figure for Alaska's proven crude oil reserves is currently about ten billion barrels, while Saudi Arabia's reserves stand at nearly 166 billion.

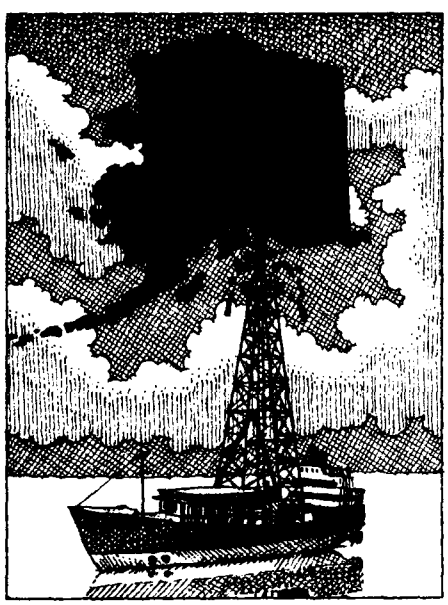
Apparently, then, an "apparent misstatement." But is it really? That depends, to a great extent, on the nature of the divining rod you use, and whom you talk to, and what you read. You might, for instance, try a report entitled *Solutions to the National Energy Crisis: Why Not Alaska?* issued by Commonwealth North, a nonprofit corporation chaired by William A. Egan and Walter J. Hickel, both former governors of Alaska.

This report, an analysis of Alaska's present energy situation and its potential as an important source of domestic energy, observes that after years of working with geologists and oil experts, Governors Egan and Hickel believe that Alaska has between 300 and 600 billion barrels of oil to be found on and off shore.

"Translated to recoverable reserves," says the report, "with today's technology, that means 100 to 200 billion barrels of producible oil. If these predictions prove true, our 49th state could rank in volume with Saudi Arabia for potential oil production."

Another apparent misstatement? Perhaps. After all, we have one foot in the politics of energy here. Governors Egan and Hickel are quite obviously out to boost Alaska's economic fortunes, and their estimates of Alaska's oil potential could be expected to be on the sanguine side. Governor Reagan, meanwhile, is out to fault the Carter Administration's seeming unwillingness to encourage increased domestic exploration and production, and his estimates of potential resources therefore also tend toward the upper limits. But then, the same sort of thing in reverse is true of the neo-environmentalists in the Carter Administration, among them Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus and Assistant Secretary for Energy and Minerals Joan Davenport (a young alumna of the Nader organization), who have a vested ideological interest in holding the estimates down.

And so who's right? Most government and industry experts believe the estimates by Governors Egan, Hickel, and Reagan to be highly exaggerated. But the point is, those estimates are just



that— estimates, nothing more, and anyone can play the estimating game.

In fact, whenever industry or government— and that includes the U.S. Geological Survey —talks about anything beyond proven reserves, they are making estimates, which in many cases amount to little more than informed speculation. You never know where oil and gas will be found, or in what quantities, until you actually start drilling. Before that, you can only scan sedimentary formations and estimate the possibility of oil occurring in them.

Some estimates are more informed than others, of course, and most oil men would feel more comfortable with the 1975 USGS estimate of up to 49 billion barrels of undiscovered reserves in Alaska, than with the higher estimates given by Governors Egan, Hickel, and Reagan. But whatever guess suits you best, we do know this: there are more than half a million square miles of on- and off-shore sedimentary basins in Alaska. And most sedimentary basins hold oil and gas potential— at least until exploratory drilling proves otherwise.

Beyond that, in Alaska, we cannot, for the moment, go. As the Commonwealth North report correctly points out, "Unassailable and comprehensive figures from which to draw reliable estimates of Alaska's energy reserves are simply not available."

And beyond that, in Alaska, we may never be allowed to go, for the Federal Government is intent on locking up great, potentially oil-rich chunks of the last frontier. If it succeeds, not only

Mr. Coyne, whose wife was once Queen of the Matanuska Valley (Alaska) State Fair, is a graduate of the University of Alaska.

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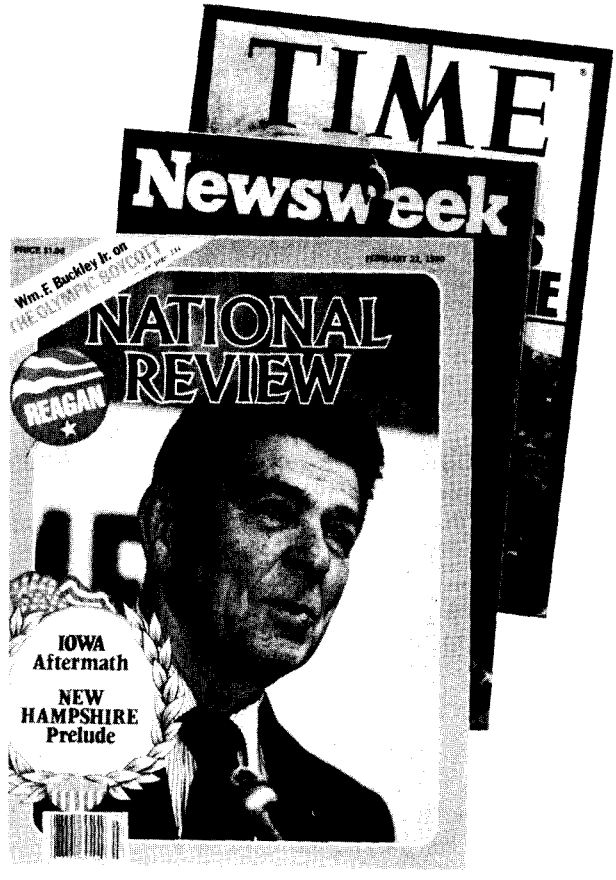
You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

- **Are Christians Responsible for the Holocaust?** Michael Schwartz provides a new perspective
- **The Dollar: Another Victim of Detente** Karl Gruber, former Austrian ambassador to the U.S., tells why
- **Catholic Schools, the Voucher System, and Black Leaders** Orlan Love explains
- **With Allies like Saudi Arabia, Who Needs Enemies?** by Peter Lubin
- **Lenin Was Right** (East-West Strategic Trade), reports Sean Randolph
- **"The Sentence is Internal Exile"** Victor Herman *knows* what Andrei Sakharov is undergoing



But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason *—they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

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will we be prohibited from producing oil and gas on millions of acres; we won't even be allowed onto the lands involved to look for the stuff.

The Alaska lands controversy, simmering for nearly a decade now since the passage of the Alaska Native Claims Act of 1971, is starting to come to a rolling boil. Primarily involved are about 110 million acres, set aside for three years in 1978 by Interior Secretary Andrus, acting under an emergency provision of the Federal Land Policy and Management Act of 1976. The emergency, as the Administration saw it, was that Congress had failed to meet an arbitrary self-imposed deadline of 1978, set under the Native Claims Act, for carving Alaska up. In that same year, chiding Congress for its failure to come up with an Alaskan lands bill, President Carter used his Executive authority under the Antiquities Act of 1906 to lock up as national monuments 56 million acres of this land. Finally, when Alaska's Senators Stevens and Gravel agreed to limit debate on an Alaskan lands bill this year but insisted that it not come to the floor until after the July recess, Andrus slapped another forty million of those 110 million acres into the deep freeze by turning them into wildlife refuges and ordering them closed to human activity for twenty years.

On one level, the Administration's motives are easy to understand. Jimmy Carter has called the passage of a stringent Alaskan lands bill his "highest environmental priority," and, from a strictly political point of view, that makes perfectly good sense. There are probably more voting neo-environmentalists on the West Side of Manhattan than there are residents of Anchorage and Fairbanks combined. And what better way to show those neo-environmentalists that your heart's in the right place politically than by locking up millions of acres on the remote far-northern corner of the continent? True, it may lose you votes in Skagway or Chicken. But it will play big on the West Side of Manhattan, where the voters will perceive no relation between their own well-being and the Alaskan lockup.

On another level, however, the Administration's "highest environmental priority" makes much less sense. Alaska may not prove to be as oil-rich as Saudi Arabia. Nevertheless, it can make an important contribution toward alleviating our most pressing energy problem, identified by Carter himself as our excessive reliance on imported oil from volatile regions of the world.

In just one corner of the Arctic National Wildlife Range, for instance, next door to Prudhoe Bay, geologists have estimated that there may be a reserve of nearly 14 billion barrels of recoverable oil. And further east, along the Arctic Coastal Plain south of Barter Island, lies an area which geologists, preparing a report for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in 1976, estimated could rival Prudhoe Bay in resource potential. (Interestingly enough, as frequently seems to be the case when reports don't fit politically, this one was first buried by Interior and later reissued in a sanitized version which downplayed oil potential.)

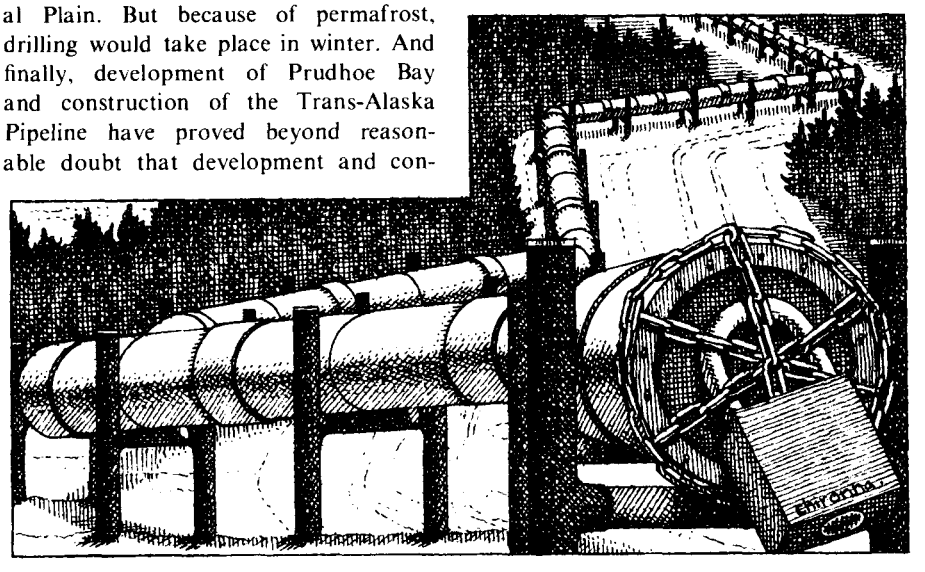
THUS, according to the Commonwealth North report, if you put these two figures together—14 billion barrels of recoverable oil in one place and 9.6 billion barrels (the Prudhoe Bay equivalent) in another—you come up with enough oil from two small spots on the Arctic National Wildlife Range to replace foreign imports entirely for ten years.

Nor would there be significant inconvenience to wildlife. For one thing, the area under discussion would involve about one-half of 1 per cent of the Range's acreage. For another, wildlife in the area is sparse. True, the Porcupine caribou herd, which winters south of the Brooks Mountain Range, summers and calves along the Arctic Coastal Plain. But because of permafrost, drilling would take place in winter. And finally, development of Prudhoe Bay and construction of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline have proved beyond reasonable doubt that development and conservation in the far north need not be mutually exclusive concepts.

Why, then, the eagerness in Washington to place Alaskan lands off limits and keep them that way? The estimates of the geologists mentioned and of organizations such as Commonwealth North may well be exaggerated, and in some cases highly so. But the point is that given the wealth of sedimentary basins in the state, the oil *could* be there. It has been found in Prudhoe Bay and Cook Inlet, and the vast interior of Alaska hasn't even been touched. But no new leases have been issued since the mid-1960s; and in the meantime Alaska sits there, as one oil man puts it, like Texas at the turn of the century.

This may change to some extent, if the Senate finally comes up with its own Alaskan lands bill and if Senator Ted Stevens, one of the most effective legislators in Washington, has significant input. But the Administration is known to favor the House version, which would designate 102 million acres—an area larger than California—as national forests, wildlife refuges, and wild and scenic rivers. The House bill would also enlarge three national parks, create ten new ones, and designate 66 million acres as wilderness.

It is this wilderness designation, more than any other, that troubles advocates of the more traditional multiple-use concept for federally managed public lands. Not only are the proposed wilderness areas too large, critics say, but they are also laid out on the map in such a way as to deny access to great tracts of non-wilderness lands. It is the proliferation of such designations that



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is effectively discouraging domestic exploration and development throughout the western United States.

Alaska currently provides the single most striking example. But the process has been well under way now for some time in the Southern 48. Consider these figures: the Federal Government lays claim to some 66 per cent of all the land in Utah; 48 per cent in Wyoming; 64 per cent in Idaho; 30 per cent in Montana; 53 per cent in Oregon; 45 per cent in California; and 87 per cent in Nevada.

At present, the U.S. Geological Survey estimates that these lands contain some 50 per cent of the nation's known energy resources—40 per cent of our coal, 75 per cent of our oil shale, 85 per cent of our tar sands, and 15 per cent of our proven petroleum reserves. We can only guess how much undiscovered oil, gas, and coal these lands contain. But the percentage is undoubtedly high, as witness the recent discoveries in the Overthrust Belt, an area running through Idaho, Montana, Utah, and Wyoming which was until very recently considered a driller's graveyard.

Yet despite the existing and potential resources, these lands currently account for only about 10 per cent of the nation's energy production. Nor is that figure likely to improve markedly in the near future, given the present rate of withdrawal. No one is sure just how much land has been withdrawn—in fact, the government itself cannot come up with a satisfactory figure. Officially, 17 million of these acres have been set aside as wilderness. But various governmental sub-units have withdrawn millions more, and the Bureau of Land Management and the Forest Service are conducting studies which could lead to another 130-odd million acres being locked up in the wilderness bank. And until those studies are completed, the lands under consideration must be treated as wilderness, thus effectively blocking any exploration or development. All in all, according to a study carried out by the previous Administration and suppressed by Andrus, about two-thirds of all public lands in the West are either completely closed to development, or tightly restricted.

Nor, incidentally, is the potential of Alaska and the western United States limited to fossil fuels. Our dependence on foreign sources for crucial minerals is as unbalanced as our dependence on them for oil; and not too many years down the pike, a mineral crisis every bit as severe as our present energy crisis is not only possible but probable. Ninety-seven per cent of our cobalt, for instance, comes from Zaire, hardly one of the world's serene places. Yet there are forty thousand acres in Idaho alone where cobalt can be found. This resource cannot be developed, however, because the government has designated 2.2 million acres surrounding the cobalt deposits as wilderness. There are also important deposits of cobalt in Alaska, in such places as Yakobi Island in the Tongass National Forest. In fact, the U.S. Bureau of Mines reports that 28 of the 37 minerals we now primarily import can be found in abundance in Alaska. Yet, as is the case with oil, we seem, through land-use policies, to be almost consciously discouraging domestic production.

Clearly, something is very wrong here. In Washington, the rhetoric is all about the extreme perils of continued dependence on foreign sources for oil and the need to cut that dependence sharply. But in reality, federal public-lands policy is running on quite another track, locking up the very lands required for the sort of domestic resource development which could significantly lessen that dependence.

Why? Perhaps the answer lies at least partially in the language of the Wilderness Act itself, which defines wilderness as an area "where earth and its community of life are untrammeled by man . . . where man himself is a visitor who does not remain."

The connotations here are rich. Consider the opposition established between man as "a visitor" and "earth and its community of life." Man, quite obviously, is an intruder in nature—and perhaps even on the planet itself. We could quibble, of course. Is man really an intruder, or is he a natural and integral part of "earth and its community of life"? No doubt such quibbles would be answered with a lecture on "ecosystems," a concept which provides the rationale for wilderness and other similar designations. But an ecosystem is an arbitrary concept, defined in fact by man, and can center on anything from ladyslippers to grizzly bears and be delimited by an acre or a continent. Therefore, why can't an ecosystem include grizzly bears, ladyslippers, and man and his activities?

But enough. The point is that crucial public-policy decisions are being made according to a neo-romantic view which peaked early in the last decade, as did so many neo-romantic views. Such views, however, can best be indulged only in eras of luxury, when both guns and butter are plentiful and no one worries about the lights going out.

Today, however, we have left that era far behind us, and the cheap and plentiful supplies of energy which built it are no longer at hand. In the palmy days of the last decade, we could rehearse to our hearts' content all the stylized arguments about preservation *versus* use, conservation *versus* development. Today, however, those debates and the terms we couch them in are as anachronistic and irrelevant as Haight-Ashbury and the flower children. After Iran and Afghanistan, the theme song, playing faintly in the background ever since the Arab oil embargo of 1973-74, is "The World Turned Upside Down." And that world will never be righted by public policies predicated on some sad and not quite defined secular sense of original sin.

Has the neo-environmentalist movement, like the Naderite movement, crested? Perhaps. But if it has, much of the human flotsam from that movement has found secure handholds in Washington, where the survivors are busy making policy which simply refuses to take current energy problems into account. Energy development and land use are equated with the detested pave-it-over syndrome which they have spent years battling, and their only response to our energy problems is contained in the old war cry of their movement: Conserve!

The way in which Congress finally deals with the Alaskan lands issue will tell us a great deal about our energy future—and therefore our future as a nation. Archibald MacLeish once referred to the Western frontier as "a country in the mind." If people like Cecil Andrus have their way in Alaska, that's all it will be—and eventually, perhaps all our nation will be. And then, of course, Governor Reagan's "apparent misstatement" will be purely academic. □

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CAPTIVE NATIONS

Let's Take the Offensive

ANTHONY R. DOLAN

WHILE THE White House has been working to undermine the Moscow Olympics and U.S. senators have proposed everything from trade embargos to military action in response to the Soviet adventure in Afghanistan, the least risky, most effective means of retaliation—one that has in the past made the Soviets apoplectic and yet curiously diffident—is not discussed.

History notes occasional moments of such Soviet outrage and paralysis. In his recent political memoir, Richard Nixon recounts that shortly before his departure for Moscow and the kitchen debates with Khrushchev in 1959, he visited a dying Secretary of State at Walter Reed Hospital. Dulles warned him to expect a chilly reception in Moscow —because, the previous week, Congress had passed a resolution on the Captive Nations.

Khrushchev's Rage

Dulles's deathbed warning was not overstated; Nixon's reception at the Moscow airport was frigid, and Khrushchev's rage transformed a diplomatic conference between the chairman of the Politburo and the Vice President of the United States into a debate over the comparative stench of pig and horse excrement. Khrushchev finally cooled, but promised Nixon that he would hear more about the captive nations during his stay: one occasion, Nixon says, when the Soviet leader kept his word. And yet the bluster, the former President suggests, hid a wariness about American resolve. On the few subsequent occasions when Western diplomats or even publications have called into question the presence of a Soviet occupation army in Eastern Europe, the Kremlin's reaction has been equally loud, equally pained.

There is no surprise in this—totalitarians can be counted upon to know their own vulnerabilities. A few years ago, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations Daniel Patrick Moynihan, after listening to a particularly offensive lecture on American imperialism from the Yugoslavian representative, mentioned quietly the Croatian separatist movement. His sally provoked expressions of horror, then hurried calls between Belgrade and Washington. But the upshot of the diplomatic incident was a break from the anti-American stemwinders and a more subdued Yugoslavian delegation in the General Assembly.

Lawlessness breeds a curious psychology, and it is hardly necessary to look to international events for vivid examples. Students of the phenomenon of entrenched corruption in municipalities and government agencies have long remarked on the astonishing arrogance of mob figures and corrupt officials who —though aware they are under intense scrutiny—continue business as usual. It is only with the indictments and the glare of publicity that this coolness is replaced by hurt, hostile words to reporters, wild swings at photographers. At this point the self-insulation breaks apart and the outlaw sees, almost as if for the first time, himself.

The Kremlin's leaders—aged, comfortable, vastly powerful, surrounded by sycophants—can also not be expected to understand the world as it is, unless they are reminded, stingingly, of their own soft underbelly: the hostility of those they have conquered and the injustice of that domination.

Herewith, then, some foreign-policy initiatives designed to exploit Soviet weakness:

► The U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations should place on the agenda of the General Assembly a demand for the removal of the Soviet occupation army in Eastern Europe as well as in Afghanistan. The ambassador should follow with a lengthy historical account of Soviet subversion and aggression in Eastern Europe, carefully reconstructing—from Yalta onward—the destruction of the national integrity of the Captive Nations, the draining of their natural resources, the deportation of dissidents, the crushed revolts, the assassinations, the massacres.

► The White House should follow with an announcement of a new form of "linkage"—henceforth diplomatic discussions of not only the Afghanistan situation but the range of diplomatic matters from fishing rights to arms reduction will include, at the very least, a ritualistic mention of the Soviet presence in Eastern Europe and demands for a troop-withdrawal timetable.

► With each well-anticipated outburst of invective and hysteria on the part of TASS or *Pravda*, American demands should escalate. The Soviet Union must remove its troops and permit free elections to be held not only in the countries of Central Europe but also in the Baltic nations of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania and, should the rantings continue, the inner republics of the Ukraine, Georgia, and the Moslem areas, which so deeply resent domination by Moscow.

On the Defensive

Such a strategy would be provocative, but, for the Soviets, disarmingly, debilitatingly so. It is calculated to cause not more aggression but rather second thoughts and retrenchment. Not only will it force the Kremlin into a defensive psychology, it will put the geopolitical frame of reference back on center and focus UN debates not on absurd discussions of colonialism in the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico but on the critical issue of the latter half of the twentieth century: Soviet imperial ambitions.

Most important, such a strategy will improve the morale and stability of the West. After the self-deception that led to the spirits of Geneva, Camp David, and Glassboro, to detente and SALT II, to presidential speeches about our "inordinate fear of Communism," we will for a change be telling the truth about the world, about its awful danger, about our resolve to change it. □

Mr. Dolan, winner of a Pulitzer Prize for journalism in 1978, is a reporter for the Stamford Advocate.

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HELPING THE INCUMBENT

The Elusive Goal Of Campaign Reform

IDA WALTERS

THREE ROUNDS of election-law "reform" during the 1970s paved the way for corporations, unions, and other organizations, successively, to establish PACs—political action committees—to collect and distribute money to election campaigns. The dramatic growth in PACs, however, has been accompanied by renewed demands for public financing of congressional elections—to combat the "distorting influence" of special-interest PAC money. But PAC money may be nothing more than old wine in new bottles, and, if recent experience is any guide, additional reforms will have no more chance of cleaning up the election process than previous reforms.

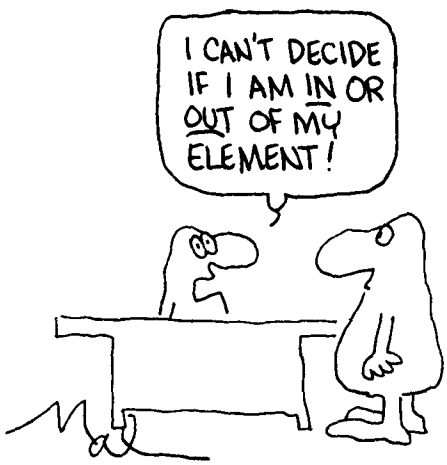
Campaign reform, after all, was supposed to encourage ordinary citizens to play a larger role in politics, reduce the power of special interests, and "open up" the political process. But these goals have remained elusive throughout the period—nearly a decade now—in which the election process has been brought under massive federal regulation.

Nevertheless, reform so far has not been without results. It has provided partial public financing of presidential races (used for the first time in 1976), a set of fantastically complex election-campaign rules, and a Federal Election Commission (FEC) that is excruciatingly slow and also, apparently, inept—partly because it demands documentation for every hamburger bought along the campaign trail and practically every nickel received by any candidate in a federal election.

The Federal Election Campaign Act (FECA) of 1971 allowed corporations and unions for the first time to use *general* funds to establish and administer a separate operation to solicit voluntary political contributions (from stockholders and union members, respectively) and distribute them to political campaigns.

Previously, businesses had been prohibited from engaging in politics as corporate entities under the Federal Corrupt Practices Act of 1907 (although, of course, they did not always comply). Labor unions, however, had used PACs since the 1930s, though their PACs were often challenged on the ground that they were union-financed and compulsory, rather than member-financed and voluntary (which is what the law specified). Unions, not surprisingly, heavily supported the new rules for PACs, over the opposition of the business community, which initially had no interest in PACs itself and therefore did not want to see them legitimized for unions.

In 1974 the ground rules changed dramatically. The FECA amendments of that year prohibited individuals from giving more than $1,000 to any one political candidate, and (reversing the original FECA of 1971) allowed government contractors to make political contributions. One reason why many companies, especially large ones, hadn't considered PACs before was that they either had or anticipated getting government contracts. But with the way clear on this score, and with the new limit on individual giving (which meant that businessmen could no longer, as individuals, make substantial political contributions), PACs became far more attractive.



Their attractions increased in 1975 when the FEC ruled that corporations could solicit contributions from employees, and that any corporation or union could have multiple PACs, each with its own spending limit. Within months, the number of corporate PACs doubled, to three hundred. (In 1974 there had been 89 of them.)

Labor unions were quick to complain, and the 1976 round of election reforms modified this FEC ruling. Corporations could now solicit from executive and administrative personnel, as well as from stockholders, but not from other employees. Multiple PACs were still allowed, but affiliated PACs were collectively limited to giving a single candidate a combined total of $5,000 during a single election campaign. At the same time, however, membership organizations, trade associations, cooperatives, and corporations without capital stock were given authority to establish PACs. Almost immediately, four hundred of them did. The number has since more than doubled. The total number of all PACs increased from 1,242 in 1976 to 1,938 in 1978.

IN AN editorial last year, the *New York Times* lashed out at these PACs, proclaiming: "Unless campaign financing is changed by 1980, it may be too late. Congress may already be sold." The editorial draws a direct connection between increased PAC contributions to congressional election campaigns—$12.4 million in 1974, $22.6 million in 1976, and $35 million in 1978—and the narrow defeat in each of those years of a bill that would have provided for public financing of congressional elections and set limits on campaign spending. The *Times*'s point is that public financing would enhance a candidate's independence by reducing the extent to which he must rely on special-interest PAC money. This in turn would force candidates to appeal to ordinary citizens for campaign contributions, there-

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by drawing more of them into the political process.

This pleasant vision doesn't explain what it is that special interests are "buying" that they were unable to buy before the advent of PACs. If PAC money can be credited with the defeat of a bill to provide for tax-financed congressional campaigns, PACs might just as well be credited with the outcome of every single congressional vote in each of those years.

A breakdown of PAC contributions leaves a different impression. In 1978, the $35 million contributed by PACs to congressional campaigns comprised $9.8 million from 821 corporate PACs, $10.2 million from 281 union PACs, and $15 million from 836 PACs established by doctors, realtors, auto dealers, and other trade and professional associations. These groups seldom have common political goals; furthermore, there is a real question as to how much difference it would make even if they did. Individuals and political parties contributed $164 million to congressional campaigns in 1978—nearly five times the amount contributed by all PACs. That is, PAC money accounted for only 18 cents out of every campaign dollar.

Critics of PACs contend that this share is bound to increase, since only 3.4 per cent of all businesses with assets of $10 million or more now have PACs. (This could also mean that most corporations are not terribly interested in PACs.) But even if there is rapid growth in PACs, this is not to say that PAC money will necessarily account for an ever-increasing share of the campaign dollar.

Michael J. Malbin of the American Enterprise Institute has analyzed the PAC phenomenon and points out that while PACs gave half again as much in 1978 as they did in 1976, so did everyone else. Thus, while it is impossible to determine whether PAC money replaces or is in addition to money that would have entered the political stream anyway (either legally or illegally), there is little evidence that PACs *per se* have altered the political power of various economic interests.

Meanwhile, there is reason to believe that political fundraisers will continue to match PAC contributions proportionately with non-PAC sources of campaign funds. This is especially likely now that PACs are getting such wide publicity. It is fast reaching the point where congressmen are forced to defend nearly every vote in terms of how the legislation in question affects the special interests they did, or did not, receive PAC money from. To remain completely untainted, from this viewpoint, congressmen would have to follow the voting dictates of self-described "public-interest" groups. These groups, led by Common Cause, have been in the forefront of election-campaign reform. It is not surprising that their political influence has increased as PAC contributions have come under general attack.

LAST SUMMER, a public-financing bill failed to pass the House Administration Committee for the fourth time in seven years; supporters now say they will offer the bill on the House floor this session, as an amendment to another bill. A public-financing bill that would cover Senate campaigns has been stymied in committee for four years. Senator Edward Kennedy, Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, House Speaker Tip O'Neill, and other prominent legislators have said that a public-financing bill is top priority in this session of Congress. In fact, the majority of congressmen favor public financing; the holdup has been over the details.

Essentially, such a bill would provide up to $60,000 in public funds to match individual contributions of $100 or less received by a candidate, and would commit a candidate who accepts public funds to spending no more than $25,000 of his own money, and no more than $195,000 on the whole election. (Public funds would come from the $1 check-off on federal income tax returns, as do the funds to finance presidential races. The check-off is made by only 27 per cent of taxpayers—which perhaps shows where they stand on the issue.)

A *Los Angeles Times* editorial says that "public financing would all but eliminate a clearly corrupting system in which national legislators owe too much to the special interests and too little to their constituents." This assumes what prior election-reform movements have also erroneously assumed: that hard cash given to a candidate's campaign is the root of all political evil. If so, why are environmental groups more successful in influencing legislation than the oil or auto industries, with all their cash? Still, reformers continue to claim that the size of contributions is what counts in politics. The entire election-reform experiment rests on this assumption.

In fact, it appears that legislators, for the most part, respond to popular opinion as expounded by public-interest groups and the media, and to the demands of groups that can deliver the votes, such as farmers, unions, and the merchant marine. A study by Professor Z. Walaszek of the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center found the AFL-CIO to be Washington's "most effective" lobbying group, followed by Common Cause. In another ranking, Common Cause was considered the most effective grassroots lobby, followed by the environmentalists. Their efforts are scarcely noticed by the opponents of PACs, however, since they spend most of their money on lobbying, research, and so on, rather than on campaign contributions.

Anyway, how much money are we actually talking about? Michael Malbin found that the average per-candidate campaign contribution made by the 17 companies in *Fortune*'s top 25 that have PACs was $505. Clearly, attempting to reduce PAC contributions by providing public funds to take their place would not "purify" politics or significantly affect the overall balance of political power. It would simply make more money available to candidates, giving added weight to contributions of $100 or less.

The same cannot be said for limits on campaign spending. This provision of the public-financing bill is tantamount to offering congressmen job insurance, with the premiums paid by the taxpayer. It has not been dubbed the Incumbents' Protection Bill for nothing.

Incumbents already have a tremendous advantage over challengers. In 1978, 95 per cent of House incumbents who were running for re-election won, and FEC data show that it makes little difference whether the incumbent underspent or outspent his challenger. After all, even before a campaign begins, an incumbent can (and does) increase his name recognition through such tax-supported "nonpolitical" activities as mass mailings, press releases, and newsletters. In addition, incumbents have easy access to newspaper coverage, their press conferences are often televised,

(Continues on page 677)

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Down With Elitist Education

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

A BITTER STRUGGLE over the future shape of our schools is being waged in the heart of Europe, with the divisions forming along the usual battle-lines: socialists *v.* non-socialists. Basically, the socialists are opposed to schools which, although financially accessible to all, they consider intellectually "elitist."

While the university scene in the Germanic countries has calmed down considerably in recent years, the battle now rages over a different kind of school, covering the 10-to-18 age group. This school, called the *Gymnasium*, has no precise equivalent in Great Britain or the United States.

The Curriculum

In Germany, a student spends nine years at *Gymnasium*; in Austria, eight. There are three types of *Gymnasia*: classical (with Latin and Greek); semi-classical (Latin and modern languages); and scientific (modern languages only). The remaining subjects are roughly the same in all three: nine years (eight for Austria) of mathematics, German, history, geography, religion (now mostly optional), art appreciation, and/or music; four years of natural history (biology, zoology, botany, mineralogy); two years of chemistry, physics, and, for the classicists, logic and an introduction to philosophy. After rigorous final exams, the student receives a graduation certificate that will enable him to enter a university.

The Germanic university (like Oxford, and like the Honors sections of other British and Irish universities) imparts no general education. It consists in effect of graduate schools of theology, philosophy (i.e., the humanities), law, and medicine. Besides the universities, there are separate graduate schools for technology, business administration, agriculture and forestry, music and fine arts.

Those who choose not to go to a *Gymnasium*, or who fail to gain admission, go to what is called a Main School, which lasts four years. After this they either continue at a specialized trade school or seek employment. In my school days, 96 per cent of the population took this route; today 80 per cent still do, although the number going to a *Gymnasium* is steadily increasing. This was made possible, in part, by lowered admission standards—recently entrance exams were abolished entirely. Standards for graduation have also been lowered considerably. When my father took the final exams they covered *all* the eight years of study. Now four main subjects are prescribed for the written part of the exam and a choice of two for the orals.

Despite the changes, the *Gymnasium* still maintains its intellectual and "elitist" character; those children from the lower classes who were and are able to stand the gaff are transformed in many ways. And there is no financial barrier to their receiving a higher education. Tuition at the *Gymnasium* used to be about $10 per annum—free for those who couldn't afford even that. Today both the *Gymnasium* and the university are free, except for foreigners. Thus it is not surprising that the Austrian Socialist Party is trying to torpedo the *Gymnasium*, albeit in a roundabout way. They want to establish a "Unity School" for the 6-to-14 age group, which would force the more gifted children (of whatever social background) to adjust to the slow pace of the vast majority. While the gifted children would be free to transfer to the (still "elitist") Upper *Gymnasium* at the age of 14, the old standards couldn't be maintained because there would be too much repair work to be done first. In addition, the Organization of Young Socialists has already pleaded for the abolition of the final exams.

In Austria the efforts of the Socialists have been thwarted for the time being, because an overhaul of the kind they envision can be accomplished only with the approval of a two-thirds majority in parliament, and the Conservatives and the National-Liberals are united in their opposition. In one of the federated states of Germany, however, the situation is very different.

The Battle of Bremen

The ancient Hanseatic city of Bremen is a bulwark of radical socialism—and Bremen University, not surprisingly, is thoroughly Marxist. In Germany, the federated states have supreme authority in educational matters through their Ministries for Culture and Education. Hence the senate of Bremen can do what it wants, and so the city has not only a Communist university but an egalitarian system of lower education—a unitary school for all and sundry that lasts 12 years. As might be expected, this has led to a counter-movement; the venerable Republic of Bremen has a strong civic sense and an innate enthusiasm for private initiative. It was Frau Erika Opelt-Stoevesandt who sounded a clarion call for a private *Gymnasium* with an "ecumenical" character, where the study of religion (Lutheran or Catholic) is to be obligatory. (In other German schools, the study of religion is now optional.)

The Social Democrats, who are in no way liberal, are not inclined to tolerate such antics on the part of a minority whose views run counter to the development of a uniform society along the ideals of the French, Russian, and German Revolutions. Herr Klaus Wedermeyer, chairman of the Socialists in the Diet, has already declared that if the establishment of a private school is really compatible with the laws of Bremen, then a new law must be enacted.

The Socialists' attack against the proposed school was conducted under the slogan: "Down with this perfectly superfluous elitist school."

But this time the elitists aren't giving up. They have countered the challenge with a declaration that they want a school "with the courage to impart an education in which our cultural traditions are maintained and a deeper sense of life takes precedence over purely material values." □

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Mr. Ball vs. Goliath

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

FROM STATE after state, reports come to me of the harassing of Fundamentalist colleges and schools by state boards of public instruction and state departments of education. There is harassment by the Federal Government, too; but that I must touch upon some other day.

One case of this bureaucratic attempt to shut down independent Christian colleges is now occurring in Michigan. There the State Board of Education has requested the Michigan attorney general to proceed against Faithway Baptist College in Ypsilanti. Faithway's president, Mr. Donald E. Segar, has declined to submit his college to the State of Michigan for approval, maintaining that the college has a constitutional right to operate without a state charter.

Hasty and Arbitrary

Of what sins is Faithway Baptist guilty? Why, merely of not rendering unto Caesar what is not Caesar's. The state's treatment of Faithway Baptist appears to be hasty and arbitrary. A state senator and a state representative have sent to the State Board of Education a letter of remonstrance. Senator John Welborn writes this: "The Department of Education has maintained that it has the responsibility to ensure compliance with the law. I submit that the Department of Education also has the responsibility to assist a college in complying with the law. I am dismayed that the Department of Education has not attempted to provide Faithway Baptist College the necessary information in order that it may continue to operate. . . . I am also dismayed at the cavalier attitude of the Department which I perceive, in that it has not attempted to serve the citizens of this state, but rather expects the citizens of this state to serve the Department."

Despite the heavy expenses at law which governmental agencies force upon independent colleges and schools that are not sufficiently abject before Caesar, such cases can be won, and are being won, by the Christian defendants. But resolution and money are requisite. I do not find the American Civil Liberties Union dashing forward to champion *religious* defendants.

Indeed, a case nearly identical with Faithway's was won recently in New Jersey. In that state, which has on its books statutes (probably inconsonant with the federal Constitution) that treat *all* schools and colleges—even church-related and private ones—as so many units in a "state system of higher education," Shelton College has been in trouble for years with the educationist bureaucrats. Until last December, it looked as if the New Jersey Board of Higher Education would shut down Shelton altogether, and send its students back to their parental hearths.

Shelton College, established by the Bible Presbyterian Church, is concerned entirely with Christian teaching and does not attempt to prepare young people for "careers," to offer systematic instruction in most sciences and arts, and all that. It does not confer degrees. In short, Shelton really is a center for committed Christians to discuss and learn. What business have the New Jersey State Board of Higher Education, and the New Jersey Department of Higher Education, trying to efface this little Christian academic community?

Why, those two haughty bureaus made it their business, as they had made it their business for many years to regulate every college and school in New Jersey—even institutions which never had received a penny from public funds, like Shelton College. But Shelton College engaged in its defense the formidable Mr. William Bentley Ball, who has won so many cases for various Protestant schools and groups. Mr. Ball happens to be a Papist.

And in December, a federal district court granted an injunction in favor of Shelton College, exempting Shelton from having to be licensed by the state of New Jersey. Judge Dickinson R. Debevoise found that Shelton, being altogether a religious institution, might teach and advertise without submitting to the requirements of state educationists. Mr. Ball thus summarizes the importance of this New Jersey case: "The federal court opinion is a 'first' in the United States, in that it deals with the specific question of whether the *genuinely religious* college has a right, under the First Amendment, to solicit students and to advertise. In upholding this right, the Court laid a very extensive constitutional foundation for the liberty of religious colleges, and it said that the denial, by New Jersey, of the right to teach was an egregious violation of the religious liberty of Shelton College."

Christians Win

Mr. Ball has enjoyed parallel successes in state courts. Regular readers of this page may recall my discussion, in 1977 and 1978, of the attempt by the Kentucky State Board for Elementary and Secondary Education, and allied Kentucky educationists, to shut down a number of Fundamentalist Christian schools. Despite losing their case in Franklin Circuit Court, the state authorities pursued their harassment vindictively and at considerable expense to the public purse, employing as their lawyer Mr. Bert Combs, former governor of the state.

This case went to Kentucky's Supreme Court. Last fall, this Court unanimously ruled in favor of the Christian schools. Judge Robert Lukowsky's opinion for the whole Court affirms that the state, in effect, doesn't own people's children and has no power to direct their religious convictions.

So say not the struggle naught availeth. Despite what appears to be a concerted assault on church-related schools by state and federal bureaucrats, the courts in recent years have inclined toward the harassed schools. If you are a beleaguered Fundamentalist with schools as well as souls to save, hie you to a learned Roman man of law. □

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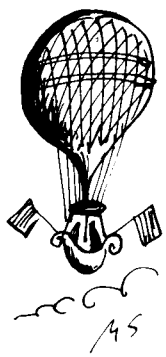
Who Shall Decide?

Knowledge and Decisions
By Thomas Sowell
Basic Books, 422 pp., $18.50

EDWARD C. BANFIELD

In this remarkable book Thomas Sowell, an economist trained at the University of Chicago, is mainly concerned to describe the analytical tools of his trade and to show how they may be used to evaluate all sorts of decision-making arrangements—the family, market institutions, political parties, bureaucracies, courts, and so on. Written in layman's language (no mathematics!), the book is essentially a systematic treatise on political economy. But Sowell makes illustrative forays into a wide range of matters of current policy, among them government regulation, crime control, affirmative action, and judicial activism, in all of which he turns up striking facts (". . . discrimination is legally authorized against one-third of the U.S. population . . .") and sharp insights ("The political advantage of the intellectuals derives precisely from their not being recognized as interested parties"). Although his purpose is to explain systematically and at a high level of generality rather than to preach or offer prescriptions on particular policy questions, his book is—incidentally—a collection of brilliant and informative essays on problems of the day and a powerful polemic in defense of individual freedom.

What distinguishes Sowell's analytical apparatus is the importance that, following Hayek (whose lead he amply acknowledges), he gives to the costs of getting and communicating knowledge, especially that which exists in fragments too small to be individually useful in decision-making. The communication and coordination of these, he thinks, is perhaps *the* basic problem of any society. Almost any social arrangement or entity that one can think of—the business firm, property rights, free speech, culture, the political machine, ideology, the expert—is to be understood largely as a mechanism for economizing on knowledge. From the standpoint of social rationality (a term that goes undefined but seems to refer to a situation in which nobody can be made better off in terms of his own preferences without some other person thereby being made worse off), the basic question is not whether the intentions of a decision-making unit are good or bad but whether the unit has the capacity to get and the incentive to use the appropriate kinds and amounts of knowledge. Thus, for example, if decisions are to be flexible and incremental they are best made by economic institutions, not political, administrative, or judicial ones.



No one will be surprised to learn that in the United States today this crucial question—Who shall decide?—is for the most part wrongly answered. Decisions are being made by mechanisms that are inherently incapable of making them well, let alone optimally. And the misfit is continually getting worse.

THE SAME analytical apparatus that tells us how to make socially rational decisions tells us that—alas!—*individual* rationality will prevent us from making them that way. The intellectual, the politician, and the bureaucrat, for example, will act rationally from the standpoint of their interests—interests which, it appears, are incompatible with the social interest. So long as he follows the logic of his position Sowell is pessimistic. On a scale from individual decision-making to dictatorship, "the general direction of the drift is discernible" worldwide. The movement toward totalitarianism is "almost by definition" one-way. *If* the trend toward centralization of power can be stopped anywhere, it can be stopped in America.

This reflection leads him to a discussion of current military realities and to the conclusion that our position has deteriorated because decision-making units acting rationally in their own interest have caused us to trade defense spending for domestic welfare programs. At this point he finds "a striking parallel" with the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Past erosions of freedom are perhaps less critical than current trends, some of which, he continues, "amount to little less than the quiet,

Aram Bakshian Jr. *is a frequent contributor to* NR, *an advisor to Republican Presidents, and the author of the recently published* The Candidates—1980. . . . **Edward C. Banfield** *is the author of* The Unheavenly City, The Unheavenly City Revisited, *and other books.* . . . **Paul A. Gigot**, *a former associate editor of* NR, *is now working for the* Far Eastern Economic Review. . . . **Donald Hall**, *poet, critic, essayist, has published many books, among them* Kicking the Leaves *and* Remembering Poets. . . . **Thomas Howard** *is a professor of English at Gordon College in Massachusetts.*

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piecemeal repeal of the American Revolution."

Not until the last page of the book does he see a ray of hope. Then, suddenly, in the penultimate paragraph, he finds the outlook remarkably and, one would think, inexplicably bright. There are "ample" signs that the public has had more than enough and even some signs that its disenchantment has begun to penetrate the isolation of courts, bureaucracies, and (presumably) the intellectuals. Whether this represents "only a pause in a long march or a time of reassessment for new directions is something that only the future can tell." The hope is, one must suppose, that the decision-makers are about to cease acting rationally; for there are no grounds for thinking that individual and social interests have suddenly become identical or complementary. □

Free to Choose: A Personal Statement
By Milton & Rose D. Friedman
Harcourt Brace, 338 pp., $9.95

THE TIDE IS TURNING

PAUL A. GIGOT

This book's most astounding datum is in the appendix. It is the Socialist Party's 1928 platform. You may remember 1928 as the year Norman Thomas, running on that platform and on his own storied virtue, won 1 per cent of the vote for President. They called him Landslide. Yet, the Friedmans note, every one of the economic planks of that platform have (partly or wholly) since been achieved. *Every one.* By that measure we are all socialists now.

Some would call this progress, exemplary of our development into a more compassionate society. With spectacular thoroughness, the Friedmans demonstrate the opposite. They argue that we are poorer than we might have been, more selfish than we were, less equal than we should be. The overall theme of *Free to Choose* is that we are in a terrible mess; the individual chapters recommend the way out of it.

The Friedmans say *Free to Choose* is a complement to *Capitalism and Freedom.* The older book laid out a philo-

sophical manifesto. The new one is an instruction manual, a how-to handbook. This shift is itself important. For years, right up to the mid-1970s, the statists monopolized recommendations for government. They said, This is what we will do to solve this. The invitation was seductive. After all, it is difficult to oppose cleaner lakes and hot lunches for schoolchildren. Their opponents meantime were writing passionate defenses of the free society, but these were purely theoretical, voices in the wilderness of ideas. *Capitalism and Freedom* (and of course Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*) was of this type. But, programmatically, conservatives mostly just said no.

Manifestly, all that has changed. Every week it seems someone proposes another way to dismantle a government program—and without throwing grandmothers out into snowbanks. Conservatives now say, This is what we'll *do.* The Friedmans have themselves provided probably half a dozen of the better insights. *Free to Choose* compiles their own and others', matching the solutions up against the problems the state has created.

Social Security: Axe the tax. Continue to pay existing beneficiaries, but unwind the system by encouraging people to provide for their own retirement. *Education:* Give parents vouchers. *Welfare:* Replace the present chaos with a single cash payment, tied to a work incentive. *Unemployment among black youth:* Eliminate the minimum wage and other types of barriers to jobs, e.g., ludicrous certification requirements. *Pollution:* Levy an effluent tax.

There are dozens more, all explained with amazing clarity and directness. There are no Galbraithean digressions into Thorstein Veblen's love life, no moonscape photographs with captions warning that Connecticut will look like this if we don't avoid nuclear war (like the one given in *The Age of Uncertainty*). To the Friedmans, this is the age of, at least, economic certainty. He who does A must expect B. The only doubt is as to when politicians will recognize this.

The Friedmans conclude with a chapter entitled "The Tide Is Turning." With almost youthful optimism, they describe a trend among intellectuals that is greatly critical of the welfare state. They cite the tax-cut movements. They note the successes of free economies in East Asia, and the incipient recognition among Communist regimes that free markets make even comrades work better.

But, just in case, they propose no fewer than seven constitutional amendments, in essence an economic Bill of Rights. They simply get carried away. The idea that we need *more* laws is highly suspect. Arguably, the original Bill of Rights, at least as it has been interpreted by the Supreme Court, has done as much to restrict as to promote liberty. It exalts some rights but (as Hamilton and others foresaw) suggests that those not listed are not protected.

In invoking any one right, people inevitably infringe on some others. To defend Jehovah's Witnesses in sound trucks is to offend those who have to listen. Imagine the uses which our lawyers would find for this Friedman amendment: "No State shall make or impose any law which shall abridge the right of any citizen of the United States to follow any occupation or profession of his choice." Prostitution? A market for AK-47s? The Friedmans set up a false dichotomy, the state *v.* the individual. They ignore the middle ground of social preferences and mores which need less state attention, not more. Government is not a synonym for society.

The Friedmans would do better to encourage the tide—which is indeed turning, a change which the Friedmans themselves, with their eloquence and persistence, have done so much to inspire. □

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SWELL LETTERS

African Calliope
By Edward Hoagland
Random House, 239 pp., $10
The Edward Hoagland Reader
Edited by Geoffrey Wolff
Random House, 399 pp., $12.95; paperback, $4.95

HOAGLAND WAS THERE!

DONALD HALL

Edward Hoagland has taken a place among the best living practitioners of the sentence—and like many present prose writers he concentrates not on fiction but on fact. He did write three novels—the first when he was only two years out of college—before he started to write non-fiction. Last year he summed up a decade of his essays with two books: *The Edward Hoagland Reader*, edited by Geoffrey Wolff, collects 21 essays from four earlier books; *African Calliope*, which recounts "A Journey to the Sudan," we must, for lack of better terminology, call a travel book.

If it is clearly inadequate to call *African Calliope* a travel book, it is difficult in general to categorize Edward Hoagland. Although he uses much factual detail, he is not a writer of what *The New Yorker* calls fact-pieces, like the wonderful John McPhee. Nor is he typically an autobiographer, whose subject is endlessly himself. His writing combines world and self, or creates a self that we watch with delight as it observes and renders the world. He mostly describes or recounts matters external to himself—a tugboat, a lion tamer, a settlement on the Blue Nile—but which he observes very much in his own person. The measuring instrument, he is aware, distorts by its presence the object measured. If he is a camera, he is a camera forty years old that graduated from Harvard, that stutters badly, and that alternates its domicile between Manhattan and Vermont.

The Edward Hoagland Reader ranges widely. There is autobiography here, though not a great deal of it. He writes about circuses, about a Vermont county fair with accompanying carnival; he writes equally well about New York City, which he loves as much as he loves Vermont. He writes about tugboats, he writes "On Not Being a Jew," on turtles, on dogs, on bears, on wolves, and on mountain lions. Probably he writes best of all about animals.

Always Hoagland is *there*; we feel him, we listen to him examine himself, remember, and even think. One has the impression not of egotism but of restless self-examination—skeptical, alert, and intelligent. Even in the squalor and excitement of Africa's dark center, Hoagland will pull himself up with a little essay-paragraph on the motives of travelers and travel-writers:

> After one has read dozens of explorers' journals, with the books of contemporary wilderness enthusiasts thrown in, it isn't hard to reach the conclusion that the search these individuals have made to find the wildest areas left on earth—a kind of relay race, at best, but a lone compulsion in many cases—was really an attempt, itself, to start over. I'm not speaking of formal anthropology, but of the impetus of so much wilderness trekking and love-of-the-primitive, the wish to go and live in the bosom of raw nature. A fist-fighter lurks just under the surface of a lot of these books. The masochism or sadism, the general tenor of choler, vainglory, and self-distrust so often perceptible between the lines makes you suspect that one reason why the author sought so hard for a personal, presumptive site for the birth of man, and a feel for the circumstances of it, was that he wanted to be born again, to re-experience his own birth and thereby possibly straighten himself out—*to do things over.*

His mind perseveres with an idea, he sticks with it, he pushes it; things are never glib or easy with Hoagland. It is not easy to read him, always—and he allows us to understand that it is not easy to *be* him.

Sometimes, in fact, Hoagland is a clumsy writer. In pursuit of the idiomatic sentence which imitates the mind's fumbling toward a perception, he can be confusing. His essay structures are sometimes awkward, long bridges to small islands, or highways that seem to end mid-paragraph, the bridge washed out. If these infelicities are annoying, they remain minor, and at times Hoagland's very clumsiness seems evidence of the energy and enthusiasm which thrusts him from page to page—as if he were too excited to be perfect.

Personality or character pervades this prose. When he begins a paragraph, "Billiard balls seem to enjoy themselves," I think we give our assent to a dubious proposition because we trust or enjoy or even *like* the voice which is speaking. When he blurts out, "One is always a fool disliking a classic," we nod our heads agreeing with a friend. And he wins us over without being ingratiating.

Although his details are well chosen, although his metaphors are sharp, although his sentence rhythms satisfy us and resolve themselves, although his topics remain interesting, what I love most in Edward Hoagland is the character of the mind. As he improvises inside a chosen landscape—rendering it, responding, and rendering the responder—he makes discoveries, because he is *free* to speculate; and because his thought perseveres and pushes, he often discovers something astonishing, like this vision of a Christian landscape in Juba in the modern Sudan:

> . . . the events in Galilee, Judea, and Jerusalem seemed much more plausible in Juba than they would in present-day Jerusalem or Europe's Christendom. Here, if they happened again, it seemed to me that they would be attended, and possibly accepted, with the same pitch of fervency. A healing, miracle-working savior who would be locked in a cage within an hour if he appeared in Los Angeles or London could resurrect himself in Juba and see the populace catch fire, believe the evidence of their eyes, and make the sand streets resound once again.
>
> Maybe for all this to happen, it is necessary that there be lepers sitting beside the road, lazy, high-horned, biblical kine, a blind albino girl with stumps for arms, a man bustling about on all fours with his thin buttocks canted as high as a baboon's because of a spinal injury that had never been treated when he was a child, and a hunter arriving on foot, carrying gazelle meat on a shoulder frame, with five spears in his hands, a brown bush hat, mud smeared on his neck and forehead to ward away the flies, and a calabash full of milk hanging from a thong around his neck. Another man stumped along on a eucalyptus stick strapped with a strip of goat-hide to his left hip, followed by his wife with an enormous fold of flesh which had gradually swallowed one ear and now was envelop-

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ing the whole side of her head. Miracles that wouldn't happen in New York or Jerusalem might occur in a place where the Son of God, if he were arrested, might still be killed, not entrusted to the care of social workers and psychologists.

Such writing or such seeing is not typical. What is typical, I think, is something less special and perhaps more important; it is the joy with which Hoagland ends this fine *Reader*, as he walks outside in Manhattan on an ordinary day:

> Hundreds of people, and a freighter steaming grandly by, and barges, tugboats, sightseers' launches. The West Side Highway provides constant engine static; and two private planes are crossing overhead, and now a 707, big, flat, grey as the newest invented metal, on a descent pattern, sweeping around toward LaGuardia Airport. A helicopter, too, is sliding downtown.

Hoagland's sentences embody an enthusiasm for the dailiness of existence, an excitement over breathing, living, opening one's eyes and ears to anything at all. Surely chipmunks on another day would loom as large as helicopters today. □

The Princess of All Lands
By Russell Kirk
Arkham House, 238 pp., $8.95
Lord of the Hollow Dark
By Russell Kirk
St. Martin's, 352 pp., $10.95

BEYOND THE SILENT PLANET

THOMAS HOWARD

If civilization lumbers on for another millennium or so, future literary critics may scratch their heads over the modern era (which, pray heaven, will soon close). How, they will ask, can poetry and prose—especially prose—have got themselves into such a narrow cul-de-sac? Why were the writers allowed such straitened limits for their talents? They seem to have been confined to something they called "realism," and anyone who, following in the ancient tradition of the bards and tellers of tales, wanted to write about anything beyond the living room or the bedroom found himself

nudged out of the mainstream into a backwater they called "fantasy"—and, of course, you did not have to take fantasy seriously, because it did not concern itself with the real world.

Any twentieth century writer with concerns that reach beyond these rooms has found himself in difficulty. Start the list with Eliot if you wish, and run it through Mauriac and Graham Greene and Flannery O'Connor, to Tolkien and C. S. Lewis: if you have "religious" concerns, you have to do something peculiar: revert to Dante, or bring in the Mass, or cobble up grotesque characters, or reach for the world of faërie, since nothing in the "real" world of the twentieth century mainstream will suffice for what you want to know.

Russell Kirk will not object to being included in this list of writers, since he has the same difficulty: he sees human experience in the light of the ancient Christian vision, and he is at the same time a teller of tales. What shall he write about?

Well, for one thing, he writes about ghosts. Lovely, blood-chilling, old-time ghosts. If you have run out of good ghost stories (which you will have done in this day of enfeebled imagination), drop everything and get hold of a copy of *The Princess of All Lands*. Draw your chair close to the fire, preferably on a tempestuous night, pull the blinds, see that all is bolted and barred, and huddle over your book. You will not be disappointed: goose-flesh will creep upon you soon enough, and you may discover a specter at your elbow. But more alarming, you will become aware of an abyss, or at least a vista, yawning away at your elbow, leaving your chair on the brink. For, of three of the tales here, Kirk writes, "These are visions of the Inferno, of Purgatory, of Paradise. . . . Why did I write these sepulchral fantasies? Why, partly to remind you and myself that we are spirits in prison . . ."

What is touched briefly in the *Princess* stories is worked up into a whole vision in *Lord of the Hollow Dark*. Here, it seems to me, Kirk has done something original—in the sense in which the poets and bards have traditionally understood that word: he has taken the old stuff (the only stuff there is, let us face it: Dante and Shakespeare had nothing *new* to say), and, by pulling off the dust covers, as it were, he has startled us all into seeing once more (or for the first time) what is *there*.

WHAT is original in this—*tale* (it is not a novel, if we are thinking of Henry James) is that Kirk has taken the people we have encountered in the poetry of T. S. Eliot and made them his characters. They are all there: de Bailhache, Mme. de Tornquist, Professor Channing-Cheetah; but, more important, there are Mr. Apollinax, Gerontion, Sweeney, Mme. Sosostris, Marina, and Coriolan. This unnerving group gathers at the behest of Apollinax in a castle in Scotland, deserted now of course, but formerly inhabited by the very long line of lairds of Balgrummo. Hundreds of years' worth of ruins, pits, staircases, tunnels, tombs, and passages lie here, reaching back to monastic and pre-monastic antiquity.

Apollinax, who in Eliot's poetry seems quite unmistakably to be Bertrand Russell, the enlightened bringer of darkness, has summoned this group in order to celebrate the Ceremony of Innocence —which, we find soon enough, is to be obscene and, like all anti-Christian attempts at the recovery of innocence, ultimately Satanic. Like all modern secularist intellectuals, Mr. Apollinax is, at bottom, a gnostic, and like C. S. Lewis's arch-villain Weston in *Perelandra*, finally a vehicle for grimmer powers than his own intellect could ever have hatched unaided.

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One cannot get through this tale of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise without thinking of Dante, Eliot, and Charles Williams, for in all of these poets you encounter what you encounter here, namely the frightening vision of evil, and the blissful vision of sanctity emerging from the conflict in which goodness withstands evil, and in which transfiguration and redemption are at work. □

Devil Take Him
By Ralph de Toledano
Putnam, 283 pp., $11.95

DEVILED EGOS

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Life, according to W. S. Gilbert, is perhaps the only riddle that we shrink from giving up. Ralph de Toledano, one of the most versatile and accomplished modern conservative men of letters, has wrestled with this particular riddle in essays, poems, fiction, and non-fiction for more than a generation. In his new novel, *Devil Take Him*, we learn a lot about his conclusions—or at least his suspicions, for, aside from the certainty that good, evil, and "something out there" all exist, neither Ralph de Toledano nor anyone else is in a position to give us a detailed diagram of the infinite.

Devil Take Him is a three-tiered novel that deserves a wide audience. It is a good read on the surface level, replete with espionage, sex, violence, the occult, action, and introspection. A *roman à clef* on the second level, it deals with the ideological struggle in which Toledano has fought long and well, from the days of the Spanish Civil War through McCarthy, Hiss, and Chambers, to more recent skirmishes (into which he continues to blast regular whiffs of grapeshot via his syndicated column). Many politically savvy readers will spot—or at least suspect that they have spotted—a raft of the leading characters, the cads and heroes, of these ideological wars in the fictional cast of *Devil Take Him*. Finally, Toledano's novel is a sensitive and rather eerie speculation on the nature of evil, the Devil, and the custody of human souls.

Shelley and Shakespeare have both told us that Satan was a gentleman. In the eyes of Paul Castelar, the central figure of *Devil Take Him*, Lucifer is a nondescript little man in a brown suit. Personally, never having encountered the fellow myself (not one-to-one, anyway), I find this description appealingly plausible. Whatever form Satan may have taken in other ages, what could be more fitting to our own banal, drably sinning epoch than for the Devil to look like a shabby bureaucrat—typical of all the aridly evil little political hacks and functionaries who have presided over the mass atrocities of the twentieth century.

More than one reader has been struck by the plot similarities between *Devil Take Him* and *Citizen Kane*—the common story vehicle being that of a journeyman reporter setting out to crack the riddle of a deceased titan's character. In *Devil Take Him*, the footslogging journalist is Peter Minot, and the Kane figure is Paul Castelar—a famous novelist, critic, poet, and political pundit whose career resembles some of Toledano's own brightest triumphs, just as Minot's more pedestrian spirit of sound, unspectacular workmanship resembles Toledano's day-to-day achievement as a versatile working journalist.

Without betraying the plot resolution, which is gripping, I would only add that Toledano's ability to draw on first-hand political and historical experience, his finely tuned artistic sense and wide reading, and his considerable descriptive gifts, all make *Devil Take Him* enjoyable and occasionally moving reading whether or not one is attracted by the core moral question. Light-minded readers can skate over it, missing the leering face that stares up from under the ice, and still have fun gliding across the novel's smooth, entertaining surface. And all readers can savor Toledano's lyrical moments, as when he describes the Eternal City:

> You stand on the Piazza di Spagna, and every car as you venture out into the traffic is a murder weapon. You look behind you at the Street of the Fancy Shops—the Gucci-Pucci-Cucci enclave—and you see to the right the house where John Keats lived and twittered and bled, where wan and palely loitering he wasted his talent. But there ahead of you are the Spanish Steps. And they are covered by the long-haired young men, each equipped with his sleeping bag and whatever phylacteries are fashionable now. And you know that these are the new barbarians who have conquered the most civilized city in the world—as barbarian as those who stormed the Seven Hills so many centuries ago.
>
> But they are not violent. They sit there,

RANDOM NOTES

■ Last May Titles: R. P. Blackmur died in 1965, leaving behind him fragments of a biography of Henry Adams. Now Veronica Makowsky has gathered them together and given them a semblance of unity in *Henry Adams* (Harcourt Brace, $19.95). Foreword by Denis Donoghue.

Jean Rhys, the late novelist, left behind *Smile Please: An Unfinished Autobiography* (Harper & Row, $10.95), which should be of great interest to readers of her novels.

Charles Rembar, author of *The End of Obscenity*, has written a book called *The Law of the Land: The Evolution of Our Legal System* (Simon & Schuster, $15), in which he traces the development of the law within the context of broader social patterns. We haven't seen the volume. . . . *Ropes of Sand: America's Failure in the Middle East* (Norton, $16.95) is by Wilbur Eveland—an officer in the State Department's intelligence bureau, a CIA man, and a consultant in petroleum engineering, who worked directly with Allen Dulles and who is at pains to tell us how little we have learned of that region of the world.

■ Some June Titles: Senator Howard Baker's *No Margin for Error: America in the Eighties* (Times Books, $11.95) denounces big government at home and irresoluteness in the conduct of foreign affairs. Introduction by Senator Daniel P. Moynihan. . . . Kirkpatrick Sale's latest book, *Human Scale* (Coward, McCann, $14.95), attacks bigness (very often, in his view, synonymous with economic health) in all its manifestations. . . . Elizabeth Janeway, in *Powers of the Weak* (Knopf, $15), calls upon women to "invent the future" and insists that Marx was right when he said that the status of women is an accurate gauge of human progress.

■ TABA (a/k/a The American Book Awards) has announced that the 1980 award for Best Paperback Mystery goes to Wm. F. Buckley Jr. for his *Stained Glass* (Warner, $2.95), second of the chronicles of Blackford Oakes. —CW

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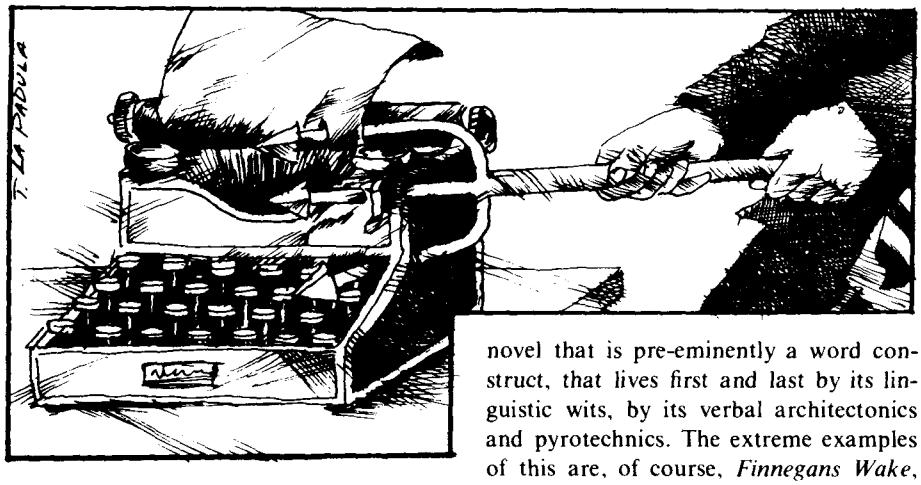

aware of their conquest, but they do not know that somewhere a present-day Constantine is saying in his death throes: *Vicisti, Galilæe.* No Roman patriot will throw a hand grenade and spatter those very old steps with their blood.

But you know too that the old Church at the head of the steps will be standing there when they have gone and other invaders move in. For Rome is where God lives—whether you are Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or Moslem—and though the barbarians win the battles, the spirit of man wins the wars. Soap and water can clean the Spanish Steps, and the very air of Rome corrupts the souls of barbarians and makes Christians of them. And by Christians I mean those who know the precise meaning of Golgotha. At Golgotha, the Devil watched and mustered his legions. But in that place of skulls, he won only a respite.

Like Ralph de Toledano, *Devil Take Him* is a complex and at times ambivalent piece of work—and, also like Ralph, it rewards close study. □

FILM

INTERIOR EXILES

JOHN SIMON

No great, or very good, novel should be turned into a movie. High quality in any genre is so wedded to form that divorce spells certain disaster. But there is a kind of novel that no one, not even the biggest fool, should even consider transposing to the screen—yet that is precisely the kind of enterprise that tempts the biggest fools. I mean the novel that is pre-eminently a word construct, that lives first and last by its linguistic wits, by its verbal architectonics and pyrotechnics. The extreme examples of this are, of course, *Finnegans Wake*, which has been foolishly pecked at by some avant-garde filmmakers, and *Ulysses*, from which Joseph Strick made a dismal little genre film with flatfooted fantasy sequences.

Volker Schlöndorff is a pedestrian German filmmaker who turns out pretentious middle-of-the-road films with or without the collaboration of his equally talented wife, the actress-writer-director Margarethe von Trotta. Schlöndorff made an atrocious oversimplification of Robert Musil's difficult novella *Young Törless*, ditto with Kleist's marvelous *Michael Kolhaas*, which perfectly qualified him to undertake the undoing of Günter Grass's splendid, unfilmable novel *The Tin Drum* (1959). Readers of this book in Ralph Manheim's translation can get only a rather pale notion of its power in German, a power that, though dependent on its narrative and pictorial imagination, is even more a function of its daring, witty, lyrical, epic, outrageous style, which might prove untranslatable by anyone east of Manheim and west of the moon. Moreover, there are serious cuts in the English edition; the film carries this cautionary approach even further—for instance, by eliding the Virgin Mary episode.

The novel jeers, tickles, rages, guffaws, puns, rhapsodizes across hundreds of pages; it is cajoling and offensive, moving and absurd, earthy and totally fantastic almost simultaneously. What Schlöndorff has made of it—this time without his wife, but with Franz Seitz and Buñuel's mediocre scenarist, Jean-Claude Carrière—is a sublime specimen of Classic Comix. Granted that Günter Grass advised and supervised the filmmakers; yet a father who sells his daughter to a brothel is not going to be much more helpful to her than your average pimp.

The first problem, obviously, was the magnitude of the novel, the restlessness with which it keeps jumping from scandalous naturalism to sovereignly feckless phantasmagoria. Schlöndorff & Co.'s solution was, first, to lop off the postwar third of the novel; then, to strip most of the rest to the bare bones. This is rather like performing every theme of a symphony, but skipping all the repeats, variations, thematic development. Worse yet, the very meaning often becomes obscured. Thus the nausea Oskar's mother experiences at the sight of eels—her initial refusal to eat them and subsequent suicide by overeating—becomes in the film so much arbitrary, capricious, Buñuelesque surrealizing. In the novel, however, both the nausea and the counternausea are made verbally, poetically, metaphysically stomach-turning and heart-rending—in short, believable. (One might compare this to the central theme of Sartre's *La Nausée*, though I'd hate to put ideas into Schlöndorff's head.)

The novel is, among many other things, and elusively rather than rigidly, an allegory. The amoral innocence of the hero, Oskar—who, aged three, refuses to grow and grow up, and remains a marvelously imaginative yet genuinely repellent child-adult for the rest of his life—is partly an allegorical representation of the artist under Hitler: siding not so much against the Nazis as against all humanity, which made this horror possible. But to convey Oskar's monstrous excess of selfhood (which he proclaims by banging his tin drum) and intransigence (which he asserts by shrieking whatever displeases him to smithereens), to achieve for him the barely possible blend of revulsion and sympathy, you need the mediation of Grass's style—the iridescently lulling and simultaneously scorching words for which Igor Luther's accomplished camera is still only a partial counterpart. What is Bosch and Brueghel in the book becomes merely Miró and Calder on the screen.

To play Oskar, the dwarf of diabolic stature and almost no size, the director engaged David Bennent, whose father, Heinz, plays a supporting part. Much has been made by Schlöndorff of his wanting not a midget but an inspired child for the role. Yet, aged 12 and

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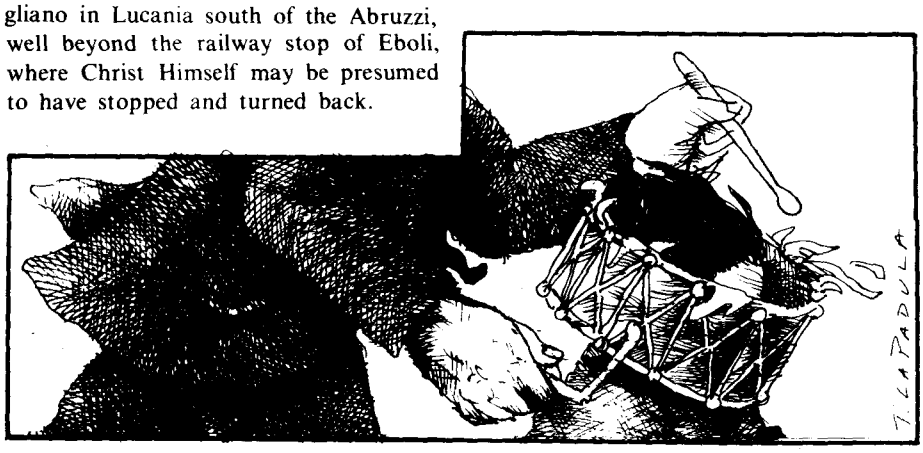
gifted with only two or three expressions, and with the height of, at best, a six-year-old, David Bennent is both a midget and an uninspired child—unless his misproportioned, spooky features are taken for inspiration. Actually, Oskar Matzerath should be deceptively engaging on the surface; like the artist's, his anarchic, destructive essence should emerge only gradually, often still mistakable for childish pranks. Bennent, looking like the imp of the perverse, could deceive no one.

There are a half-dozen nice performances—notably by Angela Winkler, as Oskar's confused mother, and by Daniel Olbrychski, as his gentle, Polish father. As the hard German father, the usually apt Mario Adorf disappoints; as a decent Jewish toy merchant, Charles Aznavour is insipid. Once more, then: oversimplification and decimation, as well as transposition from a medium that makes you see with the mind's eye into one that, basically, rubs your eyes in the sights, severely dent this *Tin Drum*—except, perhaps, for people ignorant of this major twentieth century novel, for whom the film may hold minor titillations. It is fitting that the little (and diminished) Oskar should have won Hollywood's Oscar. Midget to midget: an Oskar who won't grow up and has shrunk further on film, and an Oscar that dependably rewards the puny and immature.

A VASTLY MORE successful venture is the movie version of Carlo Levi's decent but modest autobiographical novel *Christ Stopped at Eboli* (1946), in which the leftist intellectual Levi tells of eight months' Fascist-imposed exile during the Ethiopian war in the most godforsaken part of Italy: the village of Gagliano in Lucania south of the Abruzzi, well beyond the railway stop of Eboli, where Christ Himself may be presumed to have stopped and turned back.

Francesco Rosi is a director I have always esteemed but not, until now, enjoyed. *Eboli* (as the American title has it, Christ being considered a downer at the box office) was originally an Italian TV mini-series of four hours, and would to Christ it were so still. For theatrical distribution, however, it has been whittled down to some 140 minutes, a Lucania that sometimes feels like Lacunia. Yet, even with all the gaps, the film views so wisely, dignifiedly, respectfully the proud, aloof, illogical, and bitterly poor peasants of Gagliano (many of whom, in despair, have emigrated to America, whence some, in even greater despair, have returned), and examines the relationship between them and a Levi who, forced by his humanity to start practicing medicine (he had his degree but had shied away from practice), finds himself as a human being and artist—that it is, yes, uplifting. It is a film charged with understatement as it contemplates people whom politics, social and economic amenities, history itself have passed by, and it forces you to reexamine your own humanity.

Rosi has directed with empathy, restraint, and none of his often distracting intellectualizing, from a faithful screenplay by the dependable Tonino Guerra (*L'avventura*, among many others), the fine novelist Raffaele La Capria, and himself. Pasqualino de Santis, whose cinematography can be dazzling, has wisely held back, allowing the barren brightness of the landscape and the shrouding blackness of the figures in it to find for their dialogue a self-effacing interpreter in his camera. There is sterling authenticity from the locals, who simply lived for the director; their work is worthily supplemented by that of a few fine professionals, notably François Simon as a priest crazed by the obtuseness of his parishioners. The greatest glory of *Eboli*, though, is the Levi of Gian Maria Volonté, one of the greatest film actors of our time. Pity for the peasants, irony for petty Fascist officials, and patience for the absurdities of life pass across his face like magnificent cloud formations across a sky, but with infinitely deeper meaning. □



DELECTATIONS

CHEAP THRILLS

NIKA HAZELTON

Here I am, dripping tears on the moment of truth provided by the Internal Revenue Service. It is very clear to me that in order to pay more to the IRS, I must spend less. Especially on food. Spending less is never, never any fun, but it is possible to produce decent food without untoward costs. The following recipes are standbys in this family, which thinks that pasta with a nice sauce, salad, and cheese make a good meal. The recipes are Italian, because the Italians have always been good at making the most of little—they are willing to take the time and trouble.

STUFFED SWEET PEPPERS

6 large sweet green, red, or yellow peppers
⅓ cup olive oil or salad oil
½ cup fresh white breadcrumbs
6 flat anchovies, drained and mashed
¼ cup drained capers (chop if large)
¼ cup raisins or currants, plumped in warm water and drained
⅓ cup pine nuts (pignoli) or chopped walnuts
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
¼ cup minced parsley
⅓ cup chopped black or green olives

Place peppers over direct high heat. Turn them frequently, charring them on all sides; the skins should be black and ashy. Under cold running water, rub the charred skins off with your hands, helping them along with a kitchen knife if necessary. Cut peppers lengthwise into halves, removing seeds and membranes. Dry peppers carefully. Place pepper halves side by side in an oiled

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shallow baking pan. Heat half of the olive oil in a frying pan. Add all other ingredients except olives. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, for about 3 minutes, or until mixture clings together. Stuff a little of this mixture into each pepper half and top with some chopped olives. Sprinkle with remaining olive oil. Cook in a preheated moderate oven (350° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold. YIELD: 6 servings. (A good, year-round first course.)

ZUCCHINI SAUCE

1 tablespoon olive or salad oil
4 tablespoons butter
½ cup minced onion
1 minced garlic clove
⅓ cup minced sweet pepper
2 pounds zucchini, washed, trimmed, and thinly sliced
3 cups peeled, seeded, and chopped tomatoes, or 3 cups drained Italian-style canned tomatoes, chopped
½ teaspoon dried thyme
Salt
Freshly ground pepper

Heat olive oil and butter in a large deep frying pan or in a saucepan. Over medium heat, stirring constantly, cook onion and garlic until soft and golden. Add all the other ingredients. Cook covered over low heat, stirring frequently, for about 20 minutes. The zucchini should be tender, but not mushy.

If desired, saute ½ pound sliced mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter and add to zucchini for last 5 minutes of cooking. YIELD: Enough sauce for ½ to 1 pound pasta.

NOTE: This may also be served as a side dish.

PESTO
(Basil Sauce)

(Pesto is now popular in the United States. It is used as a pasta dressing or, by the spoonful, as an addition to soups and to vegetable dishes. It must be made with fresh basil, but it freezes well. The traditional way to make pesto is with a mortar and pestle, but a blender or food processor is as good, provided the basil is chopped fine and not pureed. The texture should be like a thick pancake batter. Pesto is a Genoese specialty.)

2 cups loosely packed fresh basil leaves, no stems
2 garlic cloves or to taste, chopped
¼ cup pine nuts (pignoli) or walnuts
4 tablespoons grated Romano and Parmesan cheese, or 4 tablespoons either Romano or Parmesan
4 to 6 tablespoons olive oil (no substitutes)
Salt
Freshly ground pepper

Put the basil, garlic, and pine nuts into a blender or food processor container. Blend at low speed for a few seconds, or until ingredients are chopped. Add cheese and half the olive oil and blend again. Scrape mixture down from the sides of the container. Turn speed to low and trickle in the remaining olive oil while blending. By hand, stir in salt and pepper to taste. YIELD: About 1 cup.

NOTE: To serve, heat pesto but do not boil. Before adding to the cooked and drained pasta, add ¼ cup heavy cream or 2 to 3 tablespoons of butter to the pesto. The cream especially improves the taste greatly. □

The GIMLET EYE

BITCHING

D. KEITH MANO

Transit strike, first week. Been sleeping in a 55-gallon drum at work for three nights now. This is no time to play hunt-the-slipper with me, Francis. For your own good, I append a sicklist of things or people that really scrape my carrot. Read, mark, and set to exit music: in case we ever meet, this could save you a lot of very hard Brie.

Morning people: those priggish quacks. We assume (don't ask me why: a prejudice left over from before the Watt was invented) that John, who got up at 5 A.M., is morally superior to Keith, who got up at noon. More natural, dontcha know: as if moonlight were fluorescent. Work a 16-hour shift until 5 A.M. and still the big attitude is I'm some kind of narcoleptic drone. Just what does an early riser do at 5 A.M.—go out to the barn and milk his reputation for initiative and wholesomeness?

One cornflake. You know, the one shaped like a perfect storm gutter—to catch pouring milk and splat it all over my tablecloth.

On-hold telephone music. I call my freight forwarder and, while some switchboard flounce is blow-drying her thumb cuticle, they wire me with WABC. Ads for a one-day posturepedic sale; Engelbert Humperdinck singing "My Son." The presumptuous vulgarity of it.

French people without exception.

That white styrofoam dehumidifier disk gadget on top of my Alka-Seltzer bottle. Which I inevitably drop in the water glass; which then, of course, does nothing at all. Is a *blue* styrofoam dehumidifier disk gadget beyond our technology?

PEOPLE who stand up as soon as the airplane lands: to wait (after shoving past my knee) like an idiot llama herd, coat and little attaché case under arm, for one stupefying half-hour.

Western Union: INCOMPETENT STOP INEPT STOP. They have two telephone operators, I think, for all of New York. Ring and ring and hold and ring and then they spell Kuwait with a Q.

The nine of ten people who just sit, staring like rookie autistics, in any bus or train. They don't read; they don't even sleep. And, remember, these multiples of zero have the franchise.

The back of my head. In fact, the back of anyone's head. We weren't meant to be seen from behind.

Savings banks. Try to make a withdrawal and they pretend that your signature is a forgery. But they'll accept deposits like some promiscuous female insect.

Swedish people without exception.

"Fill out this coupon and return in handy postpaid envelope." But—have you noticed?—the stupid coupon is always one size too large for the stupid envelope. Screw and jam and snip: still you have to close the flap with baling wire.

Artificial holidays: thank you, I don't need Hallmark or Barricini telling me what I should celebrate. I studiously ignore my mother on Mother's Day. Worse yet: the new three-day-weekend boondoggle, George Washington born on an eternal Monday. Watch: before long we'll have extended Easter weekends. And on the fourth day, by congressional order, he rose again.

People who invite me over and then keep their TV on all evening, sound down, like a mute, importunate other guest.

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Chi-chi, overrated, expensive things. E.g.: caviar (which, as any honest person would admit, has the taste of self-important cod liver oil) and cocaine which, I've been told, ranks with Neo-Synephrine for fun).

People who mail me a book to review or one I "must read." I have 3,402 new books on my shelf. Spare me #3,403, unless your pub date is early 1992.

The moronic Canadian zip code system: 3E4 G7Q and so forth. No mnemonic device could draw these acrostics from the brain sink. Well, who would write to a Canadian anyway?

The word "alleged." Last week, no kidding, I heard a newsman say "alleged victim." This poor jerk had two skull fractures and still he was only "alleged."

That dumb, fatuous warning on the cigarette pack. Bet you $500, if they made it SMOKING IS BENEFICIAL TO YOUR HEALTH, not one person in six million would notice.

TELEPHONE arrogance. You sit in a bank talking to the VP, and rrrrring. "Excuse me, sir," he says. Like hell I will: goodbye, brother. Listen, if some rude mechanical came along and interrupted your conversation, you'd tell him to fly a bleep thought balloon, wouldn't you? So how is it you interrupt me just because the phone went off? Don't let it happen again.

Citizens of Liechtenstein without exception.

Say, *report*, etc. As in SAY JOHNSON MURDERED SIX OR REPORT CANCER CAUSED BY BATHING. Who says, who reports? Is it God? Are verbs now acting on their own recognizance?

Any blurb that'll give plot and climax away. If they wanna play *Reader's Digest* just buy the jacket.

Drying off after a shower.

Waiters who interrupt my punch line. Here I am, trolling out a great and shapely anecdote, the audience is engrossed, and, cut, some officious jerk leans in to ask, "Everything all right, sir? Can I get you a liqueur?" But try to flag down his servility when your baked potato won't hack open.

That subsimian race of people who hump a complete hi-fi system on their shoulder while walking down Eighth Avenue.

The outrageous number of British actors on TV and on Broadway. Also, British Shakespeare in general: imaginative as sung telegrams; flexible as Bertie Wooster at a revival meeting.

Shoe salesmen who won't look me in the eye: a spiteful way, I figure, of insulting my socks.

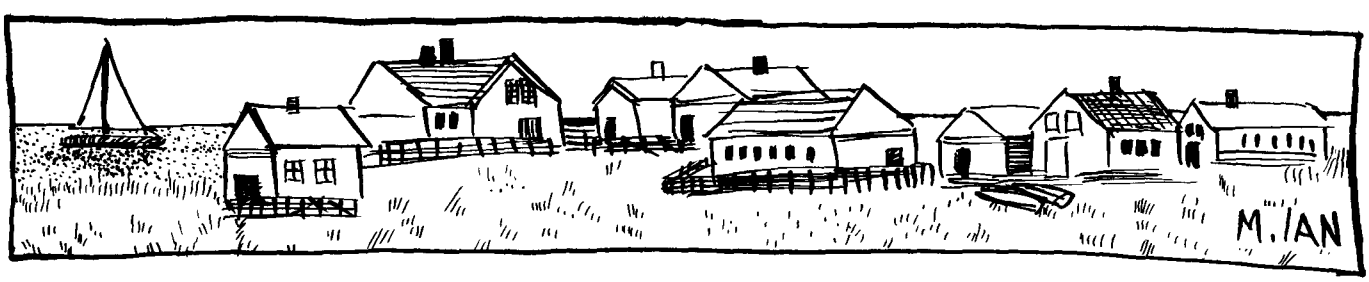
D. D. Bean. Who is, I now inform you, the most dangerous man in America. Remember that name: remember it next time a hot phosphorous bead fizzgigs off your matchhead. When, if ever, you can see again, look at the matchbook: 15 to 1 it'll say D. D. Bean & Sons, Jaffrey, N.H. The cheesiest match going. A D. D. Bean pad should have CLOSE DOOR BEFORE STRIKING printed on it.

Any gay person without exception. Homosexuals, on the other hand, are often delightful people. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE, *by Paul O'Dwyer (Simon & Schuster, 302 pp., $10.95).* In 1951 a group of New York City Irishmen got a proposition before Congress condemning the partition of Ireland. The legislators wisely considered it a joke, and the *New York Daily News* printed a riotous account of the debate—including, for example, the senator from Virginia saying: "We've already got our fingers in everybody else's business in the world except Ireland's, so some of you think we oughta get into this mess, too." One of the men who wanted in on the Irish mess was Paul O'Dwyer, 11th child of a County Mayo family, immigrant, lawyer, and lifelong champion of dockworkers and political exotics. It was the sort of cause he loved. *Counsel for the Defense*, his autobiography, chronicles many others, beginning with trade unionism in the Thirties and continuing down to pacifism—as personified by Philip Berrigan—in the Seventies. O'Dwyer defended union clients in state and federal courts, and, after hours, he spoke against the Red-baiting Father Coughlin before the Royal Order of Hibernians, who reacted icily. But through it all, he was buoyed up by an inner voice that kept saying he was right. He extolled "fine and decent" Ed Sullivan, in order to save a black performer from the TV host's boycott of suspected Communists. He defended Irgun gun-runners as "honest men, men who love freedom." When the cause seemed noble, he deployed all his cunning and his rhetoric. The ends justified the means. It was good rhetoric, and portions appear verbatim in *Counsel*, outshining the narrative around it. O'Dwyer had to chop almost 1,700 pages from his original manuscript and Americanize nearly all the Irish expressions. The result lacks flair and focus. As O'Dwyer himself admits, liberals in the heat of battle are usually pretty dour; good accounts of their lives are rare. The anecdotes that survived the blue pencil show that O'Dwyer knows how to laugh. Simon & Schuster should have let him gush. PAUL T. HORNAK

VIDA, *by Marge Piercy (Summit Books, 412 pp., $12.95).* Although the antiwar movement of the Sixties would seem to have been explored from every conceivable angle already, *Vida* is worth reading because it looks at this movement from a feminine viewpoint—a viewpoint that deals with people and their relationships rather than ideas and ideals—without the angry rhetoric that is the mark of so many feminist books today. Vida Asch, the central character in this sixth novel by Marge Piercy, has been a member of the underground, constantly moving, constantly shifting identities, ever since her involvement with the more violent segment of the antiwar movement. The novel moves back and forth in time from Vida's bleak present to the hectic days when the antiwar movement was at its peak. Nearly ten years of virtual exile have cost Vida her husband and separated her from her mother and sister. Now, at this lowest point in her life, while the movement she has given up so much for is in disarray, Vida finds love and warmth with a fellow



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exile who has taken refuge with her in an underground safe house. Eventually the comfort of this relationship is taken away and Vida is left alone, with only her own courage and her commitment to a cause that has lost its momentum. All this courage and commitment could make Vida an implausible character, but Miss Piercy has wisely imbued her with some very contradictory, very human qualities. Vida has a love for good food and wine that is at odds with her radical lifestyle, and, for all her liberation, she finds herself at times "looking at a man in a certain way she had learned over the years as apology to men for being smart, aggressive, political, for being a competitor in the real things."

NORMA B. HAWES

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE AMERICAN CHURCH, *by George A. Kelly (Doubleday, 513 pp., $14.95).* Now that the opening gun of Counter-Reformation II has sounded with the sacking of Hans Küng, believing Catholics may read this book more as a prospective hit-list than as an exercise in cathartic lamentation. For in recording the decline of American Catholicism, Monsignor Kelly holds nothing back. With the detachment of a clinical pathologist, he dissects all the ganglia of the liberal Church, from trendy nuns to the malaise of that institution which, with sublime chutzpah, calls itself Catholic University. Already the book has been panned in *Commonweal*—which should give it a cachet among the orthodox comparable to that which being banned in Boston once gave the avant-garde.

GERALD T. DUNNE

GETTING ANGRY SIX TIMES A WEEK: *A Portfolio of Political Cartoons, edited by Alan F. Westin (Beacon Press, 176 pp., $12.95).* Putting together a collection of political cartoons is certainly a fine idea, but Alan Westin blew it. The trouble is that Westin, a professor of law and government at Columbia University, is not really interested in the humor of his cartoonists or in their skills as artists. He is interested only in their ideology. His idea of a good cartoonist is someone who is for abortion, affirmative action, and gun control, against capital punishment and the Pentagon and the CIA, someone who hates Nixon and Reagan, favors gay rights, doesn't think domestic Communism should be investigated, and so on, snore. Because the criteria for inclusion are not artistic, Westin comes up with a very uneven selection. Jules Feiffer, for example, is distinctive and often brilliant, as is Pat Oliphant; Bill Sanders is mediocre in every respect. And can you imagine a collection of contemporary political cartoons which omits MacNelly? Westin just . . . leaves him out—and also contributes an introduction of astonishing banality and stupidity.

JEFFREY HART

Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

"ALIENATION" was a favorite buzz word of the 1960s—usually applied to college students upset about the draft, the dean, or an inadequate supply of drugs.

The term might be aptly used to describe the condition of the average workaday American as he confronts a host of renegade institutions. There is plentiful evidence that bodies supposedly representing the views and interests of this American—churches, professional groups, political parties, unions, governments—do nothing of the sort. In case after case, these institutions act in ways demonstrably counter to the wishes of their constituents.

The whys and wherefores of this estrangement, having to do with bureaucratic inertia, in-group manipulation, and the hubris of our leaders, deserve a lot more study than they have yet received. It is therefore refreshing to happen across a new volume titled *Unions and Lobbying: The Representation Function*, by Dan C. Heldman and Deborah L. Knight (Foundation for the Advancement of the Public Trust, 1730 N. Lynn St., Arlington, Va. 22209; $5), which contains the beginnings of such an inquiry.

While set within a framework of sociological theory, this study is essentially empirical: it spells out, in clear detail, the contrast between the political-lobbying objectives of the AFL-CIO and the wishes of the union rank-and-file, as reflected in a wide variety of opinion polls. Over the past twenty years, as is well known, the national union has lobbied for increased social-welfare spending and a larger federal role in the economy, opposed antibusing legislation and work requirements for food stamp recipients, and favored a large assortment of government subsidies, controls, and regulations.

The preference of the rank-and-file, as reflected in the polls, is decidedly in the other direction. Like the rest of the country, union members are unhappy with big government, increased taxes, and other manifestations of the welfare state. It would appear the union leadership is well to the left of its constituency, even on foreign-policy matters, where the AFL-CIO is reputedly anti-Communist. The authors show that, despite this reputation, union political contributions go preponderantly to foreign-policy "doves" who cast their ballots against a strengthening of our defenses and greater firmness in our foreign policy.

Ways and means of coping with the "alienation" of the rank-and-file American is the topic of a campaign-year paperback called *Vote to Make Yourself Richer* (Brentwood Press Inc., 107 Greenbriar Rd., Muncie, Ind. 47302; $2). The author of this volume, Indiana Senate hopeful Roger F. Marsh, provides an economic primer on the misdeeds of big government, as seen from the standpoint of the average citizen. His point is, precisely, that the kind of government we have been getting in recent years is not representative of the people—neither responsive to their wishes, nor conducive to their interests.

MARSH USES "richer" in its broadest sense—meaning not only greater material wealth, but augmented freedom to make decisions, move about as one pleases, and deploy one's aptitudes and energies as one sees fit. The key to all these things, he argues, is to liberate the productive potential of the nation, increasing available resources for the attainment of all our ends. He demonstrates that overweening government has diminished productivity, thereby making the nation poorer. All in all, a useful popular handbook that should contribute to a clearer public understanding of economic issues.

NOTE: In a recent issue, I reviewed *The Secret Six*, Otto Scott's exemplary study of John Brown and the New England Transcendentalists. I am informed the book is no longer available from the original publisher, but may be obtained from Ross House Books, P.O. Box 67, Vallecito, Calif. 95251, for $15 per copy. □

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WALTERS
(Continued from page 664)

and now public television shows them at work. It is difficult to put a figure on what all this is worth in election terms, but the amount actually paid for by taxpayers is estimated to be about $1 million over the course of a two-year term, according to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Two separate econometric studies made three years ago found that a challenger's campaign expenditures would have to exceed those of the incumbent by $200,000 to make a difference. Hence, as political scientist Gary Jacobson of Trinity College observes, any reform measure which limits spending will favor incumbents.

The case for limiting campaign spending is usually based on vague assertions, such as that campaign spending is "getting out of hand," or that "too much" is being spent on federal elections. The facts are, though, that a campaign to win office in the first place is quite different from a campaign to retain office. In his re-election campaign in 1978, for example, Representative Barry M. Goldwater Jr. of California spent $95,651, less than half what his opponent spent, and he won by a 2 to 1 margin. In 1970, however, when he made his first bid for Congress, he spent $200,000, a large sum at that time.

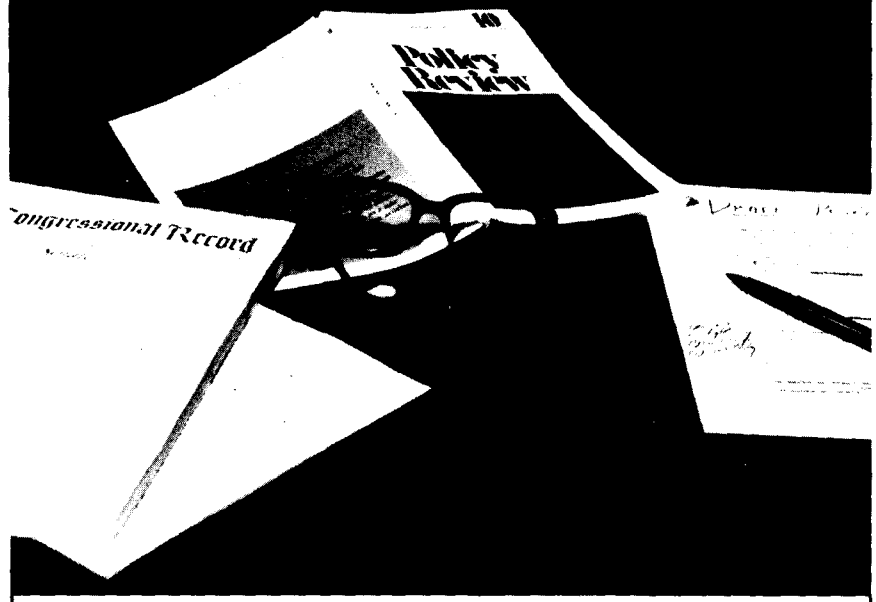
While a few candidates spend in the millions of dollars, catching a lot of media attention, the average House race in 1978 cost $90,000. After adjustment for inflation, this is not a whole lot more than the almost $50,000 spent on the average campaign in 1972. The averages, however, do not reflect that in some election districts, $50,000 is a lot of money to spend, while in other districts, $200,000 is not enough, even for an incumbent.

Limiting campaign spending is therefore an effective way to limit political competition, by putting an end to the costly campaigning necessary to unseat an incumbent. And the reduction in political competition may wind up having the same effect as a reduction in market competition—namely a reduction in responsiveness to the demands of consumers of political services.

Is campaign spending "too high," given what is at stake? Mr. Malbin thinks not: "The cost of campaigns now comes to less than the nation's advertising budget for soap, while the cost of running the Federal Government exceeds one-fifth of the gross national product. In light of this, how can anyone seriously claim that the cost of keeping incumbents on their toes is too high?"

Election reform is widely considered a failure. That is why more reform is being advocated. But public financing will not eliminate special-interest politics, and limits on campaign spending will reduce competition for political office. Perhaps the best solution is to do what the Supreme Court almost did in 1976: throw out the whole bundle of campaign-reform laws on the ground that they violate the constitutional right of free speech. □

"It is with words we govern men"



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[MORRIE] RYSKIND:

GOP Hopefuls' Aim Is Wrong

There is superb . . . irony in Brzezinski's visiting . . . the Afghan refugees and promising them they'd soon be able to go back to their native land, . . . when they are aware that with all of Jimmy's diplomacy and stern ultimatums, he hasn't been able to get his own countrymen back from Teheran. (Actual title *GOP Hopefuls Aim in Wrong Direction*; Jimmy = President James E. Carter Jr.)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On Afflicting the Comfortable

On The Right

New York, May 14—During the Sixties it became fashionable to quote the social aphorism that it is the job of politics to "comfort the afflicted, and afflict the comfortable." The little jingle had going for it even then as little as most exercises in reductionism do: but, today, we are required to give thought to its implied imperatives, and we begin by asking: "Why should we be concerned to afflict the comfortable?"

Just to begin with, let us squeeze out of the argument the Hunt Brothers. It is not they we are speaking about. These are gentlemen who live by the economic sword, and are welcome to die by it. If indeed it is true that in their lust to make silver spoons twenty times as expensive for godmothers as they were a year ago, they dropped a billion dollars, the normal man's reaction—even he who abides by the commandment against lusting after one's neighbor's goods—is: "Jolly good show."

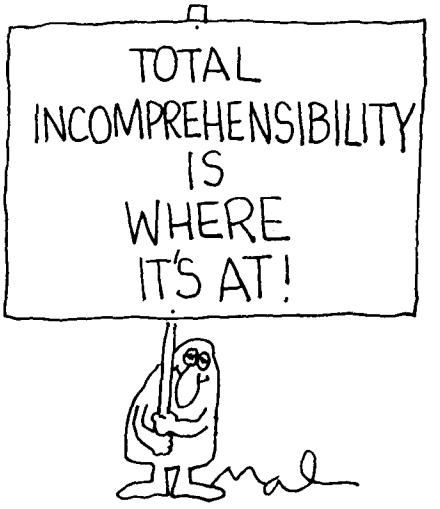
No, the Hunt Brothers' comfort is not a part of the general preoccupation. But what of those whom, without embarrassment, we used to call the middle class? "It would be wonderfully bracing," the retired lawyer and constitutional authority C. Dickerman Williams writes, "actually to hear a presidential candidate announce: 'I am in favor of the middle class.'"

We are so intimidated by populist rhetoric that any such statement will strike many as positively anti-humanitarian. Now the great paradox in this passion to afflict the comfortable is that it issues, normally, from the mouths of the same politicians and commentators who are always talking about the desirability of making people comfortable. If—let us take a hypothetical case, which however describes millions of Americans—John García works his way through school, puts in his apprenticeship in a hardware store, borrows the money to start his own store, marries, raises four children, works sixty hours a week, sells his business, and at age 67 buys a small house in Florida expecting to be comfortable for the rest of his life, it beggars the imagination just why it is that we are anxious to afflict this comfortable man; though that exactly is what we are doing.

If you like, take it up a peg. The retired doctor owns not only a modest apartment in New York but, say, a house in the country. He has savings of several hundred thousand dollars. They have yielded him $35,000 a year, which, ten years ago, permitted him, even after taxes, to travel to Europe once a year, to Mexico on the odd year. No longer. On unearned income he is paying 70 per cent on the marginal dollar; but on top of that, U.S. Government inflation is depreciating his substance at the rate of 18 per cent per year.

ARE THE impositions on García and the doctor comforting the afflicted? No, they are not—the crowning irony. The afflicted are growing more comfortable at a slower rate than at any time since the Depression. They too are suffering from inflation. Typically the wife needs to work now, to keep up the payments on the television set, let alone the house. And what are their inducements to save, assuming it were possible after the depredations of taxes and inflation? To acquire the comfort achieved by Mr. García?

The tendency, in the new generation—street-wise in the practices of modern, paternalistic government—is to edge toward that strategic, tragic, step: to substitute political for economic means of enhancing their fortunes. They consider themselves wise to burn up their savings account for instant satisfactions, and pressure their congressman for indexation, and food stamps. The net result is that one holds out to the young generation, in the name of the perverse social idealism of our day, the promise that if ever they come close to being comfortable, they will be afflicted; and to the afflicted, that they will be kept alive, their amenities restricted to a visit on special anniversaries to Disneyland.



The social program of the populists, the poseurs of economic democracy, is to guarantee a constant recycling: work in order to be comfortable, and we'll guarantee to strip you of your comforts. The symbol of these egalitarians, who know so little about how actually to help the uncomfortable, is that of Sisyphus, hauling his stone up to the top of the mountain, only to have it roll down; and begin all over again. Maybe the time has come for the modern Sisyphus, on reaching the mountaintop, to cast off despondency, wink, and aim the stone down to crush the smug and deluded enemies of the comfortable and the afflicted alike. □

WAS THERE A NAIL MISSING?

New York, May 1—It was a coincidence, but the same morning that President Carter reported the failure of his rescue mission in Iran, a former assistant to Henry Kissinger, who served him in 1972 when we mined the harbor at Haiphong, wrote in the *Wall Street Journal* about the technical challenge posed by the projected mining of the harbors of Iran. John Lehman is designated as a "national security consultant," and clearly he is one national security consultant who has not been consulted by the President of the United States. What Lehman says is straightforward and shocking, namely that our naval forces are in such an advanced state of decomposition that if we did decide to block Iran's harbors, it is by no means clear that we have the capability to bring it off.

At this writing we do not know exactly what happened to Operation Rescue beyond the austere words of the President, who spoke of a mechanical failure in a helicopter. The question on which I focus is whether the mission's failure was an expression, technical and symbolic, of the deterioration of our military machine.

Here are some of the dismaying points John Lehman brings to our attention:

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1. It would take thirty days to transport the mines we would need to close Iranian harbors- an infinitely tricky operation, by the way. These mines are transported by combat-support vessels. But these are in short supply. Under President Carter the existing inventory has been cut by ten, and 17 scheduled to be built under President Ford's five-year plan were canceled. Right now the Navy is $9 billion worth under strength in wartime munition reserves.

2. Once you get the mines, you precision-drop them via the Navy's A-6s, a highly sophisticated airplane, of which each of our carriers is supposed to have 12. Carter has persistently sought to terminate their production, constantly rowing with Congress over the matter. At the present time we are producing fewer than those lost in training, and our reserve supply is depleted.

3. Thanks to our general military listlessness in the area, we find ourselves with Diego Garcia as the nearest U.S. land base –three thousand miles away. Accordingly we need to depend on our aircraft carriers, and for this reason we've brought in two from the western Pacific, which leaves us with an unfulfilled commitment in that ocean.

4. And most shocking of all: Our military are demoralized. Not so much for the usual reasons, such reasons as we experienced in Vietnam, namely a leadership incapable of summoning the resolution necessary to victory. But for workaday reasons, having to do with economic and allied concerns. Military pay raises have been only one-half the inflation rate. It transpires that an incredible 80 per cent of naval enlisted personnel either need to work after hours themselves, or else must require their wives to work, simply in order to live. "Many Navy enlisted personnel are now officially below the federal poverty level: the skilled Ordnance Petty Officer needed to assemble mines, working 18 hours a day out in the Indian Ocean, actually qualifies for food stamps, and indeed his family must get them in order not to starve while he is deployed for eight months out of every year and unable to work at a second job."

THE consolidated result: trained personnel are re-enlisting at the rate of only 36 per cent. The Navy last year alone lost 74 men and 126 aircraft (value, $10 million apiece) in accidents- we are losing planes at a faster rate than we replace them. "If mining is to be done," Lehman concludes, "it will be done by aviators, maintenance ratings, and ordnance men who are nearly all on their first tour, by officers and CPOs who cannot qualify for a single-family mortgage, and by enlisted men on welfare."

We were all brought up on Benjamin Franklin's legend that for the want of a nail, the enterprise was lost. Everyone can understand that many military ventures, great and small, are a gamble. Normandy was a gamble, as was Entebbe: but both operations were technically proficient, and if one had been aborted by weather, the other by Ugandan ambush, this hour would have been easier to endure philosophically. We need to know, this time around, whether the Commander-in-Chief exposed our men to danger, and our nation to humiliation, in part because of the misplaced husbandry over the past three years in keeping an ample supply of nails in our inventories out over the world. □

REFLECTIONS ON TITO

New York, May 16 – In 1970 I visited Belgrade and spent the first morning of my stay there talking with the editor of the weekly journal published by the Communist Party and ostensibly charged with the responsibility of keeping intact the tablets of Marxism-Leninism. I emerged in a thorough state of confusion, inasmuch as the editor had taken economic positions (we did not talk about Tito's political hegemony: nobody talked about Tito's political hegemony in Yugoslavia) with none of which I had any quarrel whatever. He spoke about the value of a vigorous private sector, about regulation by competition, about the virtue –even– of privately owned enterprises.

At that time Yugoslavia's economy was booming, as if responding gratefully to Tito's permissiveness. On my return to the United States, a high U.S. official advised me of a startling bit of intelligence. Tito (the report had it) had confided to Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, a close friend, that he had come to recognize that applied Marxism was hostile to the material well-being of the common man. However (Tito had allegedly said), having devoted fifty years of his life to the struggle for Communism, he did not have the courage to renounce his ideological past. Rather, he would introduce the free market, permitting his people to prosper from the fruits of capitalist enterprise while proceeding ostensibly under the aegis of Communism.

But then, in 1971-72, the line abruptly changed. Separatist passions raged, and Tito became once again the marshal, moving to repress those insolent enough to defy him or his orders. He thereupon announced a good old-fashioned purge of the Communist Party, and suddenly he was speaking again in the old, tired accents of the ideologist, plighting his troth to socialism, and tightening the bonds he had so recently relaxed. Although there are sharp reminders in Yugoslavia today of a Coca-Colanization- girlie magazines, department stores, traffic jams—and a limited freedom of enterprise (and a freedom to leave the country and return), old soldier Tito redirected his country—or, better stated, his amalgam of countries—toward a general submission, returning to a kind of orthodoxy that made him less conspicuously an enemy of Communist centralism.

TITO, IN the unforgettable phrase of the political philosopher Karl Wittfogel, suffered from our old friend "the megalomania of the aging despot." He was born in the despotic mode, and although he was prepared to spend cold nights in the trenches with his troops, he was manifestly happier in the caravanserai of the mighty; and, in the end, he lived as sumptuously as the czars whose autocratic hedonism preceded, even if it did not trigger, the great Communist revolution of 1917. Tito was a cruel leader, as unforgiving as Fidel Castro, never tiring in his determination to punish even those of his critics who, like Milovan Djilas, had shared his life in the mud and gore of the resistance movement against Hitler during the war. Tito did not execute Djilas when Djilas wrote about that creature that had evolved in the Communist World: the New Ruling Class of totalitarians unmindful of that liberation of the masses which had been understood to be the purpose of Communism. He put him in jail, a kinder fate than the execution of Mihajlovich, who had led his own resistance movement against the Nazis but disdained the equally repellent totalitarianism of Communism.

Milton Friedman remarked—after his return from a controversial visit to Chile several years ago during which he delivered lectures identical to those he would have delivered in Chicago, or Washington, or Tel Aviv– that all tyrannies are despicable, but that the tyrannies of the Right tend to be less tenacious than those of the Left. Dozens of one-party governments in Latin America have evolved into parliaments, often to return to tyranny after bouts with democratic licentiousness. The Greek Colonels didn't last so very long; Spain and Portugal are democratic. But Left tyrannies have a way of going on and on, subject to revolutionary (or counter-revolutionary) abortion (*vide* Indonesia, Chile). The world is apprehensive about the future of Yugoslavia because the Soviet Union is sitting up there greedily, taking deep draughts of the Brezhnev Doctrine. What is not in prospect for the Yugoslavs is personal freedom. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A worker — 14 227 23 77 185 211 162

B. SHAME CHOPIN — 215 9 16 29 128 35 49 113 192 26

C. Happenings — 228 125 134 86 119 187 197

D. Einstein's genealogy? — 46 60 66 76 177 85 105 118 138 172

E. One who likes to buy low and sell high — 101 117 34 84 48 131 178 198 147 111 103

F. What the Secretary of the Navy is, as suggested by this song — 97 18 21 149 112 2 121 114 150 53 72 135

G. Congressional act that outlawed yellow-dog contracts — 140 67 15 92 36 107 170 175 110 4 22 124 142 153 183

H. A man in the rear ranks who might testify on a certain type of legislation — 190 146 161 206 116 212 57 81 88 137 173

I. An orthographic contest — 37 69 3 5 56 87 13 20 32

J. A borough in S.W. London — 59 213 93 210 144 174 78

K. Overprotected — 115 39 10 42 55 64 122 214

L. A signer of the Constitution — 8 189 89 129 82 143 154

M. One of Washington Irving's characters — 33 164 188 205 224 24 152 62 133 169 209 220

N. An Austrian premier, 1932-1934; sounds like a todo over a puppet — 120 196 202 225 90 80 216 44

O. Head to head — 1 11 28 43 61 71 91 96 19

P. Tied by a vow — 145 65 40 204 50 223 31 94 179

Q. Pertaining to marriage — 151 136 79 95 180 226 203

R. Something soothing or comforting — 51 163 181 41 100 70 25

S. A punctilio — 73 139 155 199 182 109

T. Earnest — 83 157 184 106 38 45

U. A group of eight — 156 12 52 195 98 102 217

V. What a tennis pro would realize after expenses were paid — 168 123 74

W. Where certain fuel is found — 194 165 104 191 166 17 207 218 176

X. A circle + five + a printer's measure = something found in a kitchen — 208 158 126 58

Y. One who picks up a few pounds by picking up a lot of pounds — 200 30 47 141 99 108 171 7 27 130 148 186

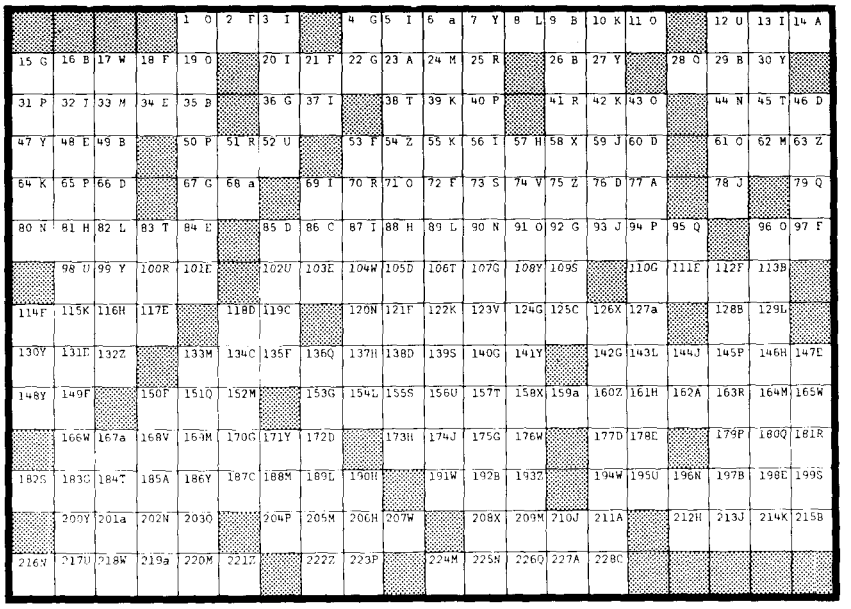
Z. Distinct beings — 132 160 63 54 222 75 193 221

a. To call on again — 68 159 219 167 127 201 6

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 678 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram



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MILLIKEN CREATES THE IMAGE.

You may not think that a machine can be called an artist.

But we do. And we have proof.

The proof is called the Millitron.™ It injects dye into carpeting. And for the last 10 years, it's been producing a running line of up to 519 patterned carpets.

That number might not impress you. But the quality of the Millitron's art sure will. The patterns are clean and beautiful, with pinpoint definition.

No matter what fiber is being used.

And since the Millitron is computer-controlled, it can change from one pattern to another in a matter of seconds. So whichever pattern you order, you can be certain that it will be readily available.

The Millitron art exhibit is now on display. You can see it at your Milliken dealer. And remember, whatever image you want on your floors, Milliken will create it.

MILLIKEN
CARPETS
LaGrange, Georgia

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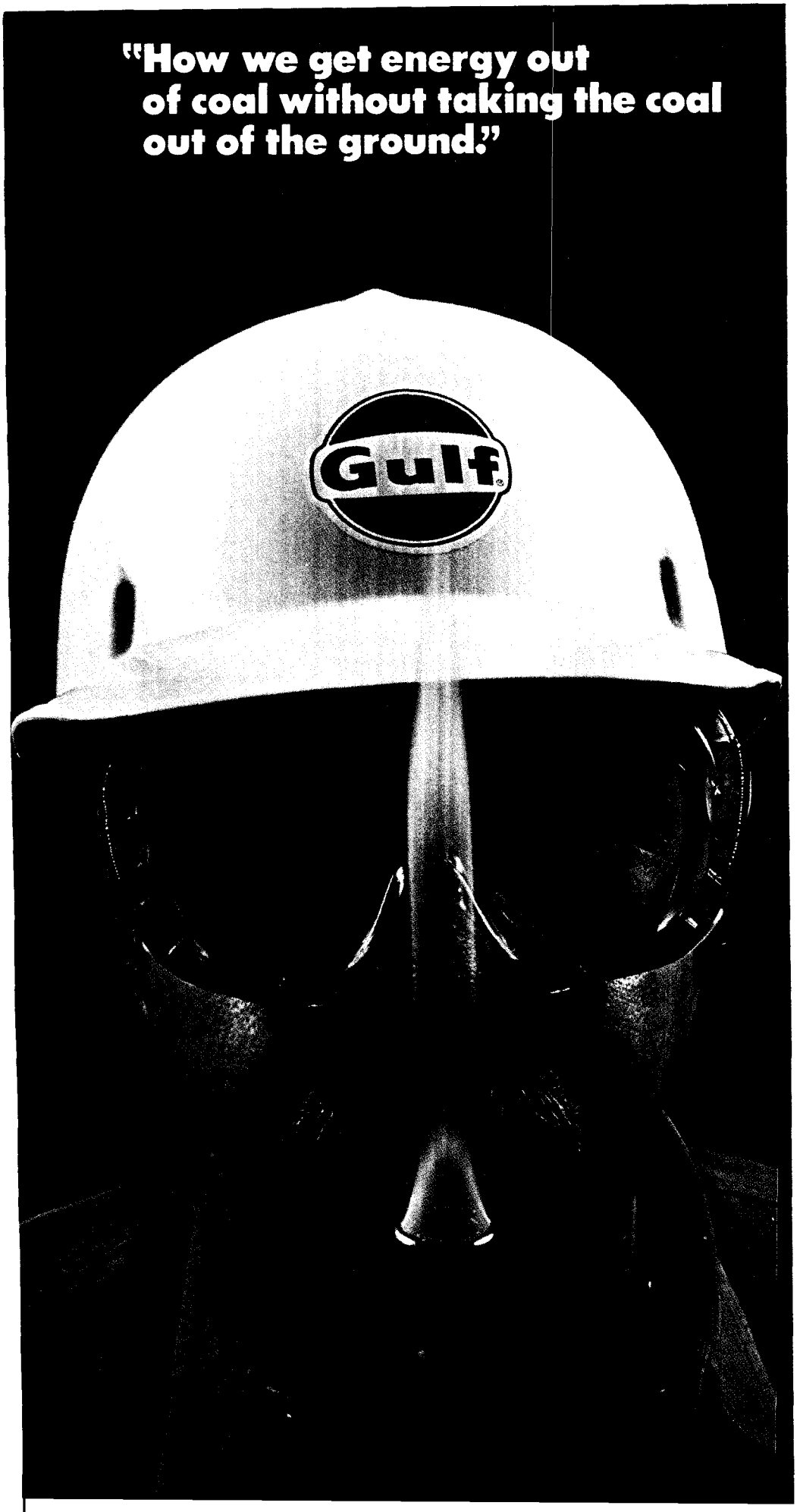
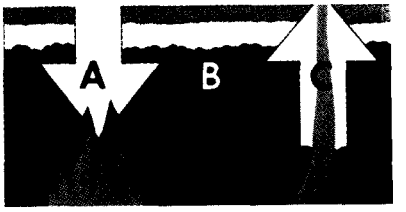
"How we get energy out of coal without taking the coal out of the ground."



"A lot of coal in America—millions of tons, in fact—is too de or too slanted to be mined by any conventional techniques," says G Engineer Jerry Daniel. "At Gulf, we're working with the Departme



Air through injection well supports combustic of coal at A, fire heats coal at B, which produc gas recovered through production well, C.

of Energy on a way to extract the energy from that coal without min ing it. We drill an injection well to set fire to the coal. By burning som of the coal, we heat up the rest, which causes it to produce gas. That's why it's called underground coal gasification.

"We had a test burn here in Rawlins, Wyoming, late in 1979, ar we're setting up another one. Our hope is that by 1990, industry will l able to use this kind of synthetic ga which of course will make us less dependent on expensive imported crude oil as an energy source.

"At Gulf, our first priority is to get all the oil and natural gas we ca out of resources right here in America. But we're working on a l of other good ideas, too. Underground coal gasification is one of them; and we're working with synthetic fuels, tar sands, geothermal energy, and other alternative energy sources.

"Overall, you might say that the business we're really in is the business of energy for tomorrow."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow

Gulf Oil Corporatio

"Someday we may use gas from coal the way we now use natural gas"

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